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## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

BUENOS AYRES AND MONTE VIDEO.

*Twenty-four Years in the Argentine Republic, embracing the Author's Personal Adventures, &c. &c.*  
By Col. J. Anthony King, an Officer in the service of the Republic. 8vo, pp. 442. London, Longmans.

Who loves to read of sieges, battles, wounds, cruelties, imprisonments, persecutions, escapes, executions, murders, and massacres; of revolutions and of governments established and overturned; and of the manners of strange people, lending a farther variety to the narrative; here he will find them all almost as thickly sown as there are pages in the volume. The hero and relater thereof is a native of New York, from which, in 1817, he ran off when a boy of fourteen years of age, and after a few rather stern and instructive adventures in the endeavour to procure a livelihood, entered the service of the Argentine Republic, and fought his way through the bloody struggles of these South American provinces (the Argentine, Banda Oriental, Bolivia, Uruguay, &c. &c.) to the rank affixed to his name in the title-page. Before advertizing to any of the earlier notices, it may be expedient to observe something generally of the country and its divisions, respecting which the English public are wonderfully uninformed, not to say ignorant. Our readers will remember during the last two years several letters from Buenos Ayres, published in the *Literary Gazette*, in which the monstrous atrocities of the Dictator Rosas are described, at the imminent risk to their writer;—these, and much worse and greater crimes, are detailed in the work before us, and every syllable penned by our correspondent fully confirmed. Still, politically speaking, and from information of our own, we are not sure that the recent conjoined naval operations of England and France, combined against the tyrant, were politically wise or expedient; but the national authorities and forces on the spot having rushed into interference and hostilities, we presume their governments at home must make the best of the circumstances in which this outbreak has placed them, and Lord Aberdeen and Guizot have, no doubt, before now adopted such measures as statesmanship and the interests of their respective countries require, to put matters on a right footing for the future. But to our author and his general statements.

A glance at the map of those countries will shew to the reader the importance of the possession of the Banda Oriental to Rosas. The entire territory of that country covers an area not so large as the single province of Buenos Ayres. It is bounded for several hundred miles on the north by a province of the Argentine called Misiones, and for a like distance on the west by the province of Entre Rios, from which it is divided by the River Uruguay. It commands the whole of the Rio de la Plata opposite Buenos Ayres, and is bounded by that river on its southern line, while the Atlantic Ocean forms its boundary on the east, thus giving it advantages for commerce superior to Buenos Ayres itself. By the union of this country with the Argentine, Rosas would hold possession of both sides of the Plata, besides securing a piece of territory more valuable than any now in the republic. He would also break down the commercial competition now existing between the two countries, and enlarge the area of his power. A union with the Argentine or any other government under a liberal constitution would

(Enlarged 24.)

undoubtedly be acceptable to the people of the Banda Oriental; but while Rosas holds power it can never be attached to the Argentine except by force; and it is to be hoped, for the cause of humanity, that the English and French governments will not cease their interference until the country is made secure from his persecution.

"As an illustration of the estimation in which the Dictator was held, even by those who were guests in his own house, I will state a little incident that became notorious after its occurrence. A foreign gentleman of literary attainments and distinction, who had for some time witnessed the artful and despotic course of Rosas, was one day at the house of the latter, who requested that he would furnish a motto for his coat of arms. The gentleman hesitated a moment, and then replied with firmness: 'Senor, as you desire that I should give you an appropriate motto, I will recommend these words: *'Ne palabra mal, ne obra bueno.'*' (I speak nothing bad, I do nothing good,) or in plain English, 'I have a smooth tongue, but it is deceitful.' The indignation as well as the astonishment of Rosas was naturally excited on the instant, and with a voice almost choked with rage, he on the spot ordered the gentleman to quit the country within twenty-four hours. The statements presented in this work may perhaps appear to the general reader mysterious and incomprehensible. I know it will be difficult for him to realise these atrocities; yet I have not only told nothing but the truth, but what has been told affords only a clue to the actual horrors committed. I have, as a general feature, confined my statements to occurrences that fell under my own knowledge, and of these I have recorded but few. Hence the facts that I have given serve only as examples in the terrible account. In a pamphlet published by Don José Rivera Indarte, at Monte Video, in the year 1843, a table is given containing the names of the principal victims of Rosas' policy, together with the manner of their several deaths, and to that table is appended the following summary of persons who died for opinion's sake alone, viz.:

Poisoned . . . . .	4
Throats cut . . . . .	3765
Shot . . . . .	1393
Assassinated . . . . .	722
Total . . . . .	5884

Add to this the number killed in battle, and executed by military orders, at a very moderate computation 16,520, and we have by this statement a grand total of 22,404 victims to the sanguinary propensities of this man Rosas, who still lives and governs a portion of the American continent, and with whom the civilised nations of the earth are on terms of friendship! We may well exclaim,

'Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer cloud,  
Without our special wonder?'

We may well look, too, for incredulity on the part of those who, living under the blessings of good government, have never dreamed that such things can be. If, however, they will not believe the statements already given from the pamphlet of Senor Indarte, how can another expect credence when he declares that statement to be entirely within the limits of a just computation? The author of that pamphlet seems not to have been familiar with the scenes of the interior; he has not taken into account the expedition of Quirora through the interior provinces, who murdered as he went, and who, in the province of Tucuman alone, shot fifteen hundred prisoners. He has not

taken into account the massacre of about two hundred and fifty men while sleeping near the Tablada at Cordova, nor the execution of about one hundred and forty prisoners immediately after the battle; nor has he recorded the train of murders that marked the steps of Oribe through the upper provinces; yet all these are but the results of the singular and bloody policy of that one man; they are a part and parcel of the great account which he must give before a tribunal whose judgment cannot err. Rosas is a man of most acute and subtle perceptions. He seems to understand the weakness of man's nature, and has made it his study to play upon that weakness, in whatever form it might present itself. In his intercourse with the representatives of foreign powers, he has contrived to persuade them that his course is justifiable, or if he has not convinced them to that effect, he has so managed as to prevent their interference with the affairs of his internal policy. He tells them that the people are not fitted for self-government; that nothing but the bloody and iron rule can sway them; and when they witness his assaults upon what he calls conspiracies against the government, and the carnage that follows his footsteps, they are led away upon a false scent, and (to place a generous construction upon their acts) believe what he says. Now this is occupying a false position from the beginning. In the first place, the people are fitted for self-government, but through the acts of Rosas and his minions, and of the few ambitious demagogues of the country, their confidence has been so shaken in their rulers, that perhaps nothing but a revolution by force of arms, and a long season of experience of good government, can so far re-establish public confidence as to make them feel perfectly at ease. The policy of the present governor of Buenos Ayres has put a spoke in the wheel of civilisation; the people's minds have become poisoned, and the antidote, however well calculated to effect a cure, must be slow and steady in its application. In the second place, the strong hand has been put forth, not for the purpose of keeping the people to their allegiance, but to secure power for a man who has forfeited their confidence; for although the fundamental organisation of the government was wrong, placing as it did a Dictator instead of a popular president at the head of the confederacy, even that would have been tolerated had he not assumed powers not delegated to him, and abused those that were legally placed in his hands. It was against this that the people raised their voice, and it has been to sustain this that Rosas has applied the 'iron and the bloody rule.'

Such is the picture drawn by Col. King; and we have only to remember that Rosas, with Oribe and Admiral Brown, is at the head of the Argentine Republic; whilst the independence of the Banda Oriental is maintained by Rivera, with the navy under Garibaldi, an able Italian who superseded Coe, and thus are Buenos Ayres and Monte Video pitted against each other. But the preceding chapters of the book relate to the wars of other young republics, and provinces far up the country. In these flourish Governor Lopez of Santa Fé, Ramirez, Artigas, Carrere of Chili, Bustos, Quirora, Paz, Lavalia, and others; the contest between the party of Unitarians and the partisans of Rosas; and the parts taken by several Indian tribes in their sanguinary and ruthless encounters. The following quotations will serve as examples of these atrocities:

"The subjugation of the provinces being now complete, and the demon of civil war having glutted

himself to satiety, Quiroga having no more blood scenes directly on the tapis, began casting about in his mind the important and conspicuous part that he had played in the dark drama of the past, and very naturally concluded that he was, at least, as great a man as any other in the republic. He could not resist a growing impression which forced itself upon his mind, that he had been the main spoke in the wheel of the counter-revolution, and that the important services which he had rendered entitled him as much to the gratitude of the people as the man who had sat quietly at Buenos Ayres, and left him to fight all the battles. These considerations gradually fired his mind, and filled his breast with 'thoughts of coming greatness.' He fully believed himself as well qualified for the responsible office of dictator as Rosas, and certainly none will deny that his claims upon the people were quite as well founded as those of his illustrious friend. Under these circumstances, he set to work upon what was to him an entirely new theory in politics. He began to talk to the people about a national constitution, and a system of free representation; and after some time devoted to this stroke of policy, for the purpose of gaining their confidence, he set out for Buenos Ayres, with the avowed object of broaching the subject to Rosas in person, and to use his best influence in bringing about so desirable a result. The active mind of the general was not, however, more rapid in conception than was that of the master-spirit of the day. Rosas no sooner found himself supreme in his power, than, like a kindred spirit, Richard the Third, he saw two spiders crawling in his path, and he could not feel content until some friendly foot should crush them. Quiroga and Lopez had finished their work to his satisfaction, and his keenest powers of perception could discover no further possible utility in their existence. Our new governor, Ranafa, was taken with surprise at the many protestations and demonstrations of friendship which he received from the Dictator. Congratulations, presents, instructions, and arms, came so rapidly and confusedly in succession, that the brain of the peaceable functionary was set in a complete whirl of wonder. Quiroga, prior to his departure for Buenos Ayres, had set up his own governors in several of the provinces, and, among the rest, my friend and companion Lafiore was called to the province of Salta. This gave me pleasure, although I regretted parting with him, for Lafiore was a good and worthy man, and one that would govern the province with discretion. About this time, Governor Lopez lost his health, so that on the arrival of Quiroga at Buenos Ayres, in magnificent state, Lopez was unable to attend their conferences. Rosas and Quiroga, therefore, who had now become the only two influential men in the country, held their interviews without the assistance of a third party. Quiroga spoke, and Rosas listened. The one, it was said, recommended a constitution and laws; the other acquiesced, the better to conceal his true designs, while at the same time the subtlety of the devil was wreathing itself about his heart. After several interviews, it was recommended by Rosas that Quiroga should, with a secretary, ride through the provinces, and ascertain the views of the people on this momentous subject, and, if necessary, endeavour to mould their minds to a conviction of its importance, so that when all should be prepared, an election for representatives should be held, for the purpose of establishing a constitutional government. To all this Quiroga eagerly consented, for in this he saw, or thought he saw, a direct medium through which his ambition might be gratified; supposing, of course, that in recommending and advocating so liberal a measure, he should gain at the same time the concurrence and confidence of the people. The plan being arranged, Ortiz, the former governor of San Luis, was recommended as the secretary for the occasion, and Quiroga having made up his company, consisting of himself, Ortiz, two aides-de-

camp, four guardsmen on horseback, and four postillions, set out in a superb carriage on his tour. It is singular how people will surmise and talk; but among those who know all parties, it was rumoured that these composing this little cavalcade would never get beyond the province of Santa Fé alive. The rumour was a mistaken one; the company did pass safely through the province of Santa Fé, and entered that of Cordova; here, however, they were not so fortunate, for, as they approached Altagracia, they were beset, and every soul brutally murdered. The body of Quiroga was found pierced with one ball through the heart, with some twenty poniard wounds besides. Some of the party were found with their throats cut, and all exhibited traces of a most fearful butchery.

The Ranafa family were also soon disposed of: "Soon after this, Rosas repeated his order for the arrest of the Ranafes, and directed Roderiguez to send them forthwith to Buenos Ayres; but instead of an immediate compliance, the governor sent in his intercession on their behalf, urging the tyrant to withdraw his order, at the same time expressing his earnest conviction of their innocence. Little did he suppose that in such a course he would compromise his own safety, without in the least degree benefiting his friends. The characteristic reply to this offer of mediation was a corps of cavalry, who very speedily made prisoners of three of the brothers (among them the late governor), and conveyed them to Buenos Ayres; the fourth had taken the alarm, and wisely made his escape from the country. Arrived at the capital, the three were thrown into a single stone dungeon, without either bed or bench, and here they were held in a most miserable confinement for a space of several months, during which time their sister Dona Pancia Ranafa, who had followed them to Buenos Ayres, plied the heartless Rosas with petitions, entreating the poor privilege of visiting her brothers in their confinement, and ministering as she best might to their immediate comfort. Even this was denied; not so much as the sympathies of one congenial bosom were allowed to soften the horrors of their imprisonment, and they were left to suffer, and to hear in all the fulness of misery, the mandate of the tyrant. Sickness, the result of their comfortless situation, wore them to skeletons, and finally relieved one of them at the same time from the sufferings of life and the power of his tormentor. Having myself been for some time past engaged in mercantile pursuits, my business called me three or four times a year to Buenos Ayres, and I was there during the latter part of the time the Ranafes were in confinement. I saw their sister in all the anguish of her despair, yet I could not find one spark of comfort to bestow upon her, for I knew that her brothers were doomed. Rosas had wrought himself into a position that was critical; he had already

in blood  
Stept in so far, that, should he wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er;

and it was by terror alone that he could keep down the ebullitions of the public mind. Victims must be sacrificed to overawe the people, and a man once imprisoned on his order was a man doomed to death. The time at length arrived when it was announced that the Ranafes were to be shot in the market-square, in company with another victim named Santes Pares, who had also been in some way implicated in the same charge. Although I had long expected this order, I heard the announcement with a shudder. Memory, like a winged spirit, flew back upon the past, and gathering the scattered fragments of her train, discharged them like a volcano on my mind. I saw again the tall uncourtly *guacho*, as he had been presented to me by Lafiore, too unsophisticated to be vicious, but with a mind as yielding and impressible as wax. Again I saw him governor of Cordova, holding, as with the hand of childhood, the reins of power, and guiding the capricious

throne as one who trembled, not for himself, but for his charge. I thought again of our *tertulias* and *conversations*,—of his pliant spirit, of the insidious wiles of Rosas to win him to himself, of his ultimate self-confidence, his deposition, arrest, imprisonment, and now, to crown the whole, in bold relief stood before me the order for his execution. "Ah, my poor friend!" I exclaimed, "when this order was announced, I, at least, will not be a witness to your murder."

"At the time of the execution I shut myself up in my room, which was at a house situated only about three squares from the scene of blood: from that spot I heard the report of the volley that sent them to eternity, and covering my face with my hands, I uttered a malediction on their murderer. Soon after the execution, I had occasion to pass near the market-square, and to my horror saw the three bodies, still reeking with blood, hanging in chains upon a gibbet over the spot where they had died. Some persons who had witnessed the execution informed me, that a moment before the fatal shot was given, Pares called out to the bystanders, 'Rosas is the murderer of Quiroga!' Soon after this tragedy was performed at Buenos Ayres, Governor Roderiguez shared a similar fate at Cordova. His intercession on behalf of the Ranafes had been sufficient to excite the doubts and fears of Rosas; and his hesitation to execute an order without questioning its propriety was no less than an evidence of treason. He was therefore taken outside the town, out of respect to the feelings of the people of Cordova, who were not yet used to these scenes, and disposed of in the usual manner."

The murderous behests of Rosas are carried out by a party thus described:

"The accursed Massorca club, which was composed of from three to four hundred desperadoes, who were sworn to do the bidding of Rosas, even to the murder of their own relatives, were the most prominent instruments of his terrible policy. Goaded by the opposition of the foreign powers, he wreaked his vengeance upon the helpless of his own people; violence succeeded violence, and bloodshed bloodshed, until the era might justly have been denominated a second 'reign of terror.' He had gone so far in blood, that he dreaded assassination on every hand; and so jealous and vindictive had he become, that no man who did not openly avow an attachment to the Dictator was safe either in person or property. So sure as a Unitarian, by a word or action, became once obnoxious to his fears, he was a marked man; then would he say to his hirelings of the Massorca, 'Let him be arrested.' If arrested, death was almost sure to follow, and the property of the victim was confiscated; for

his but thought by him were half performed.  
Or if the individual succeeded in avoiding the arrest, and fled the city, confiscation followed as a matter of course. I could name numerous instances in proof of this, but one may suffice; it is that of Don Pedro Boque, and may be thus related: Boque was a Unitarian of wealth, residing in the Calle Cavildo, and having heard through a friend that Rosas' officers had been making inquiries respecting him, determined, as a measure of precaution, to leave the town for a short time, or until he should learn the object of the inquiry. This departure proved a timely one, as, on the following day, a number of the Massorca paid a visit to his house, and searched it in every part; but not finding their object, they directed his wife and family to leave the premises. The order was obeyed, but without the privilege of carrying with them the slightest thing save the clothes upon their persons. A little boy about twelve years of age was subsequently sent by the Dona Boque, from the house of a friend where she had taken refuge, for the purpose of soliciting the privilege of bringing away a change of clothes for the now destitute family; but as he came to the house he



grew timid, and when he told his errand, some of the villain who had been left in charge declared him a spy, and threatened to shoot him. This so frightened the poor child that he attempted to escape, but not being able to reach the street he fled to the yard, and actually sprang into the privy to avoid his pursuers. The attempt to escape fully satisfied the wretches that he must be a spy, and having drawn him from his nauseous retreat and rinsed his garments, he was conducted by two men, each of whom held him by the collar, to the *quartel*, or guard-house. I saw the little fellow on his way, conducted as I have described—a child but twelve years old arrested as a spy! Arrested! Would that the worst were said in saying that; but (can it be believed?) before the sun had set, that child was by Rossa's order, shot as a spy, in the *coral*, or yard of the *quartel*! It is needless to dwell upon scenes like these, or to give voice to the reflections which they naturally suggest; it is sufficient to declare that the deed, horrible as it may seem, was performed, and that the then residents of Buenos Ayres can attest the fact. The entire property of Bogue was confiscated and distributed among the Massorcas.

It is painful to dwell on such revolting subjects, and we shall only add one or two more of such illustrations of the state of this people, where ambitious men like these contend for dominion and sway; and as a relief, get from horrors like these to a few notes relating to the country and its native inhabitants, which, however, we must reserve for another *Gazette*, or two, only observing that the news received this week must increase the interest of this volume and of our notice.

#### PERSIA: PERSIAN POETS AND POETRY.

*Biographical Notices of Persian Poets; with critical and explanatory Remarks.* By the late Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley. To which is prefixed a Memoir of the Author, by the Rev. James Reynolds, M.R.A.S., and Secretary to the Oriental Translation Committee. London, W. Allen and Co., Paris, Duprat.

Sir Gore Ouseley died at this work was passing through the press, but it is fortunate for his literary memory that so fully competent and able an individual has undertaken not only to see his labours put properly before the world, but to prefix to them a biographical sketch of great simplicity and interest. Would we could see the Turkish MSS. and other remains of Sir Gore's much valued and estimable coadjutor in Oriental lore, the late Earl of Munster, edited with similar talent and care. But these, we fear, from the lapse of time, are doomed to oblivion; though years of the noble author's life were devoted (perhaps too intensely) to their study; and we know they had, at the period of his lamented death, arrived at a consistency which makes their suppression a public and national loss. But to revert to our present subject.

Sir Gore Ouseley belonged to an ancient English family, a branch of which settled in Ireland, where his elder brother, Sir William, and himself were born: the latter event in 1770. Early in life he went to India in a mercantile capacity, and met Sir W. Jones in 1794. In process of time he was engaged in the public service, and resided at the court of Oude, conducting affairs highly to his own reputation and to the interests of those by whom he was employed. In 1806 he returned to Europe, and married in 1806; was created a baronet in 1808, and was sent ambassador to Persia at a very important epoch, after negotiations had been suspended by the Shah sending a Persian minister to England.

Some of his letters and a diary during this long series of years enable Mr. Reynolds to impart much variety to his otherwise brief memoir, as well as to make interesting additions to Sir William Ouseley's published narrative; and from these we offer a few passages, which, we think, cannot fail to be read (notwithstanding the distance of date) with gratified feelings. In 1792 a letter to his brother, makes

a curious mention of music, to which he was much attached, and a singular proficiency in which seems to run in the blood of the family:

"I have laid by this Persian book (on music), as I tell you; but at times curiosity, and a most inordinate lust for exploring musical secrets, makes me take it up. I can therefore hardly answer your questions. The Hindostane music has a gamut consisting of notes like ours, which being repeated in several octaves, forms in all twenty-one natural notes. . . . I am in hopes of finding their mode of notation; and that they had a tablature of some kind I am almost confident. This manuscript is written in a very easy style; yet the science of music is so little cultivated now, that out of the Munshis who have looked into it (and I have shewn it to many), not one has been able to explain a page of it. Nor should we wonder at it, as amongst ourselves a man who had not studied music would be puzzled to tell the meaning of the words *counterpoint* and *descant*, particularly if they had been hundreds of years out of use and practice. My only hope of discovering these latent treasures is my knowledge of music, which, with a little study of Sanscrit, will, I think, enable me to write something like an analysis of the Hindū music one of these days. As to the practical part of it, I am perhaps more conversant in it than most of the natives. The Raugs and Rauginees (for a description of which I refer you to the 'Asiatic Researches') are the most ancient compositions we have any account of. The five first Raugs owe their origin to Mahidis, who produced them from his five heads. Parbuttu his wife constructed the sixth. Boimha composed the thirty Rauginees. These melodies are in a peculiar genus, and, of the three ancient genera, I think resemble the enharmonic most. The more modern compositions are of that termed diatonic, as you'll perceive by 'Gul buddum theo humsee.' The Raugs and Rauginees I have postponed setting to music till I read more of my manuscript, as our system does not supply notes or signs proper to express the almost imperceptible elevations and depressions of the voice in these melodies. The time, too, is broken and very irregular; the modulations frequent and very wild. The effects produced by two of the six Raugs are more extraordinary than those ascribed to any of the modes of the ancients, though to us so incredible.

"Mia Tonsino, a wonderful musician in the time of King Akber, sang one of the Raugs in midday. The powers of his music were such that it instantly became night, and the darkness extended in a circle round the palace as far as the sounds of his voice could be distinguished. They have a tradition that whoever attempts to sing the Raug Dheepuck will be destroyed by fire. The Emperor Akber ordered Naik Gopaul, a famous musician, to sing that Raug: he endeavoured to excuse himself, but in vain; the emperor insisted on obedience. He therefore requested permission to go home and take leave of his family. It was granted him, and in six months he returned. It was then winter. Before he began to sing, he placed himself up to the neck in the water of the Jumna. As soon as he had sung a strain or two, the river began to be hot, and at length to boil, and his body was blistered all over.

In this condition he begged of the emperor to suspend his commands; but he was inexorable, and demanded a further proof of the powers of this Raug. Poor Naik Gopaul sang on; the flames burst out from him, and he was consumed to ashes. These and many other anecdotes are in the mouths of the most sensible of the natives; and what is more, they are implicitly believed. The effect produced by Maig Muloor Raug was immediately rain. And it is told that a singing girl saved Bengal from famine once by exerting the power of her voice in this Raug, and bringing a timely fall of rain for the rice-crops. When I inquire for people able to sing and produce these wonderful effects, I am gravely answered that the art is now almost lost, but that there are still persons of that descrip-

tion in the West of India. But inquire in West of India, and they will tell that, if any remain, they must be in Bengal."

During Sir Gore's residence in Persia we meet with the following novelties:

"Upon the 14th April the Persian ambassador, Mirza Abul Hasán, received the melancholy intelligence of the death of his only son. Sir Gore Ouseley immediately addressed him a note of condolence, and, on the following day, called upon him; and 'I could not,' he remarks, 'help blending my tears with his. It is singular,' he proceeds, 'that he told us on board ship of having had a dream, in England, of losing a tooth; and as in a former instance it foreboded the death of a beloved brother, he felt assured, he said, that he had in this also lost some dear friend.' We laughed at the time, but he made me put down the date; and to-day, on comparing dates, it appears that his dream occurred on the very day of his son's death."

"The winter of 1812-1813 was probably attended with few events, and not cheered by the slow progress of the negotiation between Russia and Persia. In March 1813, the ambassador remarks: 'Having purchased a very handsome horse for 170 *tumans*, I had an opportunity of establishing a fact which I had often heard of the real Turkoman horses, but never witnessed before. As the spring came forward, his blood, I suppose, increased in heat, and veins in his neck opened in places which he could not reach to bite, and once or twice veins started whilst I was riding him, and consequently I could see that it occurred without any outward help, such as rubbing or biting them. It appears that this singular circumstance only occurs to Turkoman horses, and it is reckoned a mark of their being very high-bred horses.' The swelling and bursting veins of horses of pure blood would seem, therefore, to be an ascertained fact."

"During my stay here (the Diary records), I occupied myself daily in visiting such places as appeared worthy the notice of an antiquary. The most curious article in that way is a rock in the valley of Makteran, about five miles from Hamadan, under the mountain Alwerd, called Ganj-Námeh,

گنج نامه or History of the Treasure, for every writing in this country that cannot be deciphered is immediately set down as the 'directions to a hidden treasure.' There are two oblong squares cut to an even surface in a large granite rock, a little above a stream of fine clear water, and near a spot where it forms a pretty cataract. At first sight it strikes one as a sculpture of Shahpúr and the Sassanian monarchs, because the shape of the squares, the species of rock, and the situation near a clear stream, are exactly what one remarks at Shahpúr, near Kazrún, at Firúzabád, at Nakhshir Rostam, at Rei, at Bisitoun, and, in short, at every place where they have left memorials of their greatness. On a close approach, however, I found the squares divided into three pages, as it were, of unequal size, and completely covered with well-persepolitan or arrow-headed characters, precisely similar to those at Persépolis and Murgháb; and this, in fact, is only the third place in Persia in which I have seen or heard of them. The similarity of the scenery induced a supposition (which I adopt with great reluctance) that possibly the arrow-headed character is coeval with the Pehlavi, but that the former was only used for solemn funerals or religious purposes, and the latter for worldly ones, such as triumphs and the pomp of war. On a hill which commands the city is yet to be seen two ancient Tákht (although of smaller dimensions), similar to those at Murgháb and Persépolis, and now nearly dilapidated. We were informed that there had been inscriptions on some of the stones that formed it, but all our efforts to get a sight of one proved ineffectual. The next building any way curious is a species of temple, of ten sides, of [with] the origin of which nobody seems acquainted. The foundation, and about three feet above ground, it is composed of stones, but

he rest is built of bricks of equal size, and uncommonly well cemented together. It is called the Temple of Sacrifice, and the people have a confused notion that, some seven hundred years ago, some Uzbeg Tartars worshipped in it.

June 20th, 1813, Chapakuli. Our road to-day was good and pleasant. On our left lay the mountain Baghamahs, on or close to which we could see three or four villages. One of them had a fort built on a hill, which looked respectable at a distance. On inquiry I found it was called Takht-i-Sulaiman; but so incurious are all Persians, that although it is not more than six or seven miles from our encampment, the people of the village were themselves nearly as ignorant as those of Chapakuli; but what they wanted in the way of information they made up in civility and alacrity in showing me every place worthy of notice. The object from which the place takes its name is an immense granite slab of irregular form, about nine feet long by six and a half wide, and sixteen inches thick, placed horizontally on two side rocks like supporters, and a mud wall at the back; the space under the slab is not above two feet from the ground. The whole is situated near a beautiful spring which gushes from a rock about five yards from it, and over it in modern days has been built a dome of sun-burnt bricks and mud. In a space of one hundred yards square, a great many springs rise and supply water for a pretty large village. The tradition amongst the villagers is, that Solomon came here for one night, and said his prayers upon the slab, which they think clearly proved by his writing and seal upon it; the two deep holes they suppose to be the sockets to receive the poles of his canopy. As the granite has veins of other stone in it, some parts are so decomposed as entirely to prevent me from copying the inscription so correctly as I wished. It had the appearance more of talismanic or cabalistic figures than any written character I have ever seen, except that two of the letters or figures are one of the four sculptures near Shiraz at Murghab or Murghana. After sketching the place, and copying the sculpture, the villagers took me to what they considered a great curiosity, but of which they had no tradition. It was two large stones in the form of slabs, which they called the Mother and Daughter. The decomposition of the stone had not so destroyed the inscription of one but that I was able to make out the name of the inscriber and the date, although I could not discover whether it had been meant for a tombstone or not. The other stone, which was smaller, had a similar form of a temple on the centre, but the inscription was entirely defaced. The larger stone had the name of Abbas quite plain upon it, as also the date in Arabic, with an ait from the Kurán. From thence I was taken to a spot by the side of a hill, into which you descend by a flight of stone steps into a small vaulted chamber of stone and mortar, without any mark of antiquity about it, except a couple of indistinct marks, somewhat like those on the Takht-i-Sulaiman; but I really cannot assert that they were originally intended for characters, or merely accidental marks. The vault is, near the present entrance of the village, and was discovered by a Rishi-i-Sanu (what he heard), or elder of the village, who dreamt that the guardian spirit of that spot appeared and said to him: Dig me up, and I'll repay your trouble. They all deny, however, having found anything but the stone steps and vault; and thinking it the place of interment of some holy man, they light lamps there every Friday night, as they do at the Takht-i-Sulaiman. My kind guides, wishing me to visit a wonderful well at some distance, which they described to me; but as night was rapidly advancing, I was obliged to decline going. They say it is at the top of a hill, and similar to those at Shiraz, except that the time a stone takes in getting to the bottom exceeds that of Shiraz by an hour or two. Such is the accuracy of Persian description. On the top of a mountain they pointed out a cave which, by a double ladder, appears to have been the shaft of a mine

formerly worked here; the only thing, however, which I could procure was a piece of black smoky stone.

The Ambassador proceeded from Tabriz to Tahrán on the 21st of October. He had the satisfaction of receiving, whilst on his road, the intelligence that the treaty of peace between Russia and Persia had been signed and sealed by General Bishoff (it was afterwards ratified by the Emperor Alexander). He visited several remarkable objects of curiosity in the course of this journey, the petrifying springs, and marble (or rather mines of Shir-i-Amen), and the cave of Murdi. His description of these extraordinary phenomena of nature is interesting. He visited the latter a second time on his return from Tahrán, but his observations on both occasions will be given together.

October, 1813. Finding notice of several curious springs in this neighbourhood in the eighth volume of Mirkhond's Rozat-as-safii, I made every inquiry necessary, and shaped my course accordingly. About three and a half miles from our last stage, we came to a chalybeate spring close to the road, which appeared to me to possess the same inky taste, but in a much stronger degree, than the Tunbridge water. It is about as hot as new milk. When within two miles of this stage, we turned off to the right a short distance, and came to a place whence a great part of Persia is supplied with what they call marble. There were several slabs, of ten and fifteen feet long, chiseled out ready to be carried off, and great mounds raised of the chippings; indeed, the hills near it seemed all of the same substance, which is got by digging about three or four feet of the decomposed lamina and earth (away) from the surface. When they have dug out a certain space, they say, the water rises there, and in a few years (but how many they do not know, or trouble themselves to ascertain) petrifies, and again becomes marble, as they term it; but it is only a petrification, from its colour and posture, as well as the stalactite appearance on its surface. I observed several spots covered with a white substance like ice, high in the middle and shelving down with a fine polish to its extremities, which were hard and crisp. As I approached the centre, my feet sunk into the substance and were wetted. In the middle is a spring, which bubbles up with violence, and flows over the shelving sides, and literally seems to harden and petrify as it proceeds; for beyond the ice-like extremities there is no moisture, and hence the rise in the centre. This continues to accumulate and rise up until the spring is choked up, when the whole mass of about ten or twelve square yards becomes a spar. We observed several of these in different stages of their growth—some quite liquid, others like half-melted or thawing ice, others again hard, and others with a coat of stalactite-like wax over them. The water in the spring, which bubbled up most violently, and of which I took a bottleful, is like Seltzer water, and of a moderately cold temperature. Where chalybeate predominates, the colour of the spar becomes redder, but in general it is a pure white. Near this curious spring there is a beautiful view of the salt lake of Shahi, or Urumiah, whose waters are bitter, and contain no fish. Not far from Murdi, the Ambassador, having heard of a wonderful cave, procured a guide, and went to see it. It is in the side of a very steep and high rocky mountain, the ascent to which is inconceivably difficult and fatiguing. The first room you enter is evidently a natural cave, which has been made use of either by shepherds for their cattle, or themselves, or tenanted by wild beasts, of which we saw marks, both lions and deer. From this room a low passage leads to other rooms. The situation (of the cave) is truly romantic. You approach it by a fissure in the mountain, about twenty-five or thirty yards wide, and the ascent is steep. The mountain is chiefly composed of a species of reddish pudding-stone, strongly coloured by iron, but in many places you find masses of soft, light double black, reddish, and grey, with large white veins.

The latter, when not much veined, resembles the stone on which the figures are sculptured at Persepolis. The only stone much used by the natives here is the pudding-stone, of which we saw a number of mill-stones, formed and formed. The cave faces nearly the west. The first excavated apartment is about thirty-six paces square, nearly in the centre of its eastern side is a second portal, of an irregular form on the rock, on which I observed some marks of the chisel. This portal is about twenty-five feet high by fourteen wide; beyond this the cave descends to a considerable distance and depth; but it is impossible to explore it, as the mephitic vapour within the portal would immediately destroy animal life. However, one can go with safety much farther in winter than in summer, and we went farther in by a few feet, than Colonel D'Arcy had done last year, in consequence of our being here earlier in the spring than he was; it seems to be carbonic acid gas. On taking up some stones, I was sensibly affected by it, and, although standing upright on the brink of the descent at the second portal, I perceived nothing more than a fresh damp air. Still, on stooping as low as my middle, I was seized by the nose, in a more violent manner than the strongest volatile salt or camphor could have effected. We found the body of a swallow that had fallen a sacrifice to its want of caution in flying too near the ground, close to the second portal; and beyond that the ground was strewn with feathers and carcases of birds, and in sects which had flown too far in. The villagers, our guides, reported that whenever their sheep or oxen strayed into the cave, for shelter from the weather, they invariably perished. There is a conical rock before the second aperture or portal, beyond which you cannot pass in hot weather, but we stood for some time, three or four feet beyond it with impunity. We dared not, however, venture down the descent; for, tying a strong switch to a pole, and lowering it, a couple of feet below our own level, in a few seconds it appeared as if it were without a struggle. On exposing it again to the fresh air, it made a faint effort to stir its wings but in a few seconds was quite dead.

Taking leave of the Prince Royal at Tabriz on the 25th May, Sir Gore Ouseley proceeded towards the frontier. On his road he fell into some amusing conversation with a Persian gentleman upon the subject of their superstitious and false religion. Mirza Abdul Latif rode all the way with me, and entertained me with many curious stories; amongst the rest of natural necromancers, and those who have studied the black art in books, and performed the 'chibchib' or forty days' solitary fasting, and incantations. He himself happened to be well acquainted with one of such kind. The first, whose name is Farazi, lives at Tahrán; and to collect that Mirza Shedi mentioned him to me, although, by accident, I never sent for him, that there, probably from the conviction of the business being rank nonsense. He professes to be able to tell you the names of any person which you may write down and put under your hat or pillow; he also describes him exactly, and tells you when he is at that moment. (His knowledge does not extend to fatality). If you take out anything from your pocket, and conceal it in your hand, he immediately tells you what it is; and if you ask him to bring sugar, paper, or anything which you may be assured he has not about him, or in the room, he reaches with his hand, and instantly produces it. Of a hundred anecdotes which I have heard of this man, I will only relate two. Mirza Abdul Latif went from Tahrán to Tabriz, where he had left a friend named Hajji Ali Asker, who shortly after left Tabriz also, without informing the Mirza. Farazi's powers, and at the same time gratify himself, when in company with him, he privately wrote down his friend's name, and put the bit of paper under the pillow he was leaning upon; he (then) asked Farazi about the person whose name he had written, and he replied (although he had never seen him), 'He is a corpulent man, with light blue



eyes and black beard, wears a Mullah's turban and blue kaba; vizirial; he is now at Kafil, in the house of his relation, Sultan Ali Mirhamed, and his name is Firaz Askar. He next asked Farazi what he had in his hand; and he said, 'An European pen-knife,' and he lastly asked him for a large lump of sugar, which he immediately produced by holding his hand up in the air. To the latter of these, Mirza Abdul Latif will take his oath; and although he only relates the following one from memory, he appears equally satisfied of the truth of it. The Shah, it appears, asked Firaz Shah (the supposed king of the Afghans, who took refuge in Persia), if he ever saw in Kabul a person of Farazi's wonderful powers, to which he answered in the negative; and expressed some doubt of the possibility of it. The Shah sent for Farazi, and desired him to write down the name of some acquaintance, which he did, and placed it under his hand, of cushion. On applying to Farazi, he said, 'She is a middle-aged woman, handsome face, black eyes, long hair, and small hands and feet; she is now in Kandahar, and her name is Zinat-ul-Nissa.' Firaz was quite astonished to hear his favorite wife so exactly described, and still more so when Farazi, in reply to the Shah, said that he could immediately bring her before him. Firaz Shah, greatly alarmed, begged the Shah for God's sake not to insist on this proof of his skill, which, of course, was granted; and then Firaz asked the man how he could possibly bring a person who was 800 or 900 miles distant; he answered that he could not bring her in person, but could produce such a likeness of her that he could swear to her being his own wife. This Farazi was not a juggler, nor in any way a clever man; on the contrary, he is generally reckoned a little weak, and a pretty unskilful one, some go so far as to describe him as being which he acquired his consummate art. He was walking in a plain or desert, when he saw a wolf with a child in its mouth. Moved by humanity, tempted him to pursue the wolf a considerable distance, and he eventually succeeded in rescuing the infant, which he took up in his arms, and intended to take home. Suddenly, men and women, parents and relations of the infant, appeared before him, and after thanking him for his generous humanity, desired him to ask any boon he wished, that they (being Jins) could and would grant immediately. He said he had no particular wish, but that if they thought his act of pity to an innocent child deserved anything, they should be the best judges of what they should confer upon him. They then gave him the art he possessed, at the third personage, or no-romancer, now dead, was an chamberlain at Isfahan, named Mirza Taki, who could produce any thing or person that was required from him. Mirza Abdul Latif supped with him one night, when only six guests had been invited, consequently not much meat was dressed. A number of travellers arrived in Isfahan just as the meat was down to supper, and being friends of Mirza Taki's, he made them come in and sit down, to the number of fifty-six. Abdul Latif was anxious to know from whence the supper for so many people was to come, and was greatly astonished to find that without the help of servants or cooks, he put his hand out towards a pariah, and pulled out trays after trays of ornate and sweetmeats, by the good assistance of his obedient Jins. On asking the name of this Mirza Taki, Abdul Latif said that the one was; for a forty days watching incantation, and abstinence from meat (as was often his custom), into a solitary slave, into which he took a sufficiency of food and dispensed with all attendance. At the end of the forty days his servant went for him, and found him hanging, and quite dead; but when this was the case of himself or his friends the Jins, they could not tell him. (The end of the story is continued in the next issue.)

**THE UGLY DUCKLING: A MORAL TALE.**  
*Danish Fairy Legends and Tales.* By Hans Christian Andersen. Pp. 197. London: Pickering.  
 We had much pleasure in introducing M. Andersen to the English reader, and have had a repetition of that enjoyment when it again happened to have a publication of his to notice. His name accordingly prepared us for a renewed gratification when we saw this volume announced; and we have not been disappointed in our hope. It contains fourteen tales and legends of various character and merit: the fairy tale presenting one phase, and the moral fable or apologue another. In all there is considerable originality, and many little touches pervade the general lessons, no less effective than the main argument, and often pointing a small piece of good advice in a very playful manner. The more imaginative pieces are interesting, and turned in an entertaining way; but perhaps those after the Aesopian fashion will be perused with even more satisfaction by old and young. Among them is *The Ugly Duckling*, which, though rather long for the illustration of the spirit of such a work in our page, is altogether so amusing an example of the author, that we are tempted to copy it entire:

"It was beautiful in the country, it was summertime, the wheat was yellow, the oats were green, the hay was stacked up in the green meadows, and the stork paraded about on his long red legs, discoursing in Egyptian, which language he had learned from his mother. The fields and meadows were skirted by thick woods, and a deep lake lay in the midst of the woods. Yes, it was indeed beautiful in the country! The sunshine fell warmly on an old mansion, surrounded by deep canals, and from the walls down to the water's edge there grew large burdock-leaves, so high that children could stand upright among them without being perceived. This place was as wild and unfrequented as the thickest part of the wood, and on that account a duck had chosen to make her nest there. She was sitting on her eggs; but the pleasure she had felt at first was now almost gone, because she had been there so long, and had so few visitors, for the other ducks preferred swimming on the canals to sitting among the burdock-leaves gossiping with her. At last the eggs cracked one after another, 'Chick, chick!' All the eggs were alive, and one little head after another appeared. 'Quack, quack,' said the duck, and all got up as well as they could; they peeped about from under the green leaves, and, as green is good for the eyes, their mother let them look as long as they pleased. 'How large the world is!' said the little ones, for they found their present situation very different to their former confined one, while yet in the eggshells. 'Do you imagine this to be the whole of the world?' said the mother; 'it extends far beyond the other side of the garden, to the pastor's field; but I have never been there. Are you all here?' And then she got up. 'No, I have not got you all, the largest egg is still here. How long will this last? I am so weary of it!' And then she sat down again. 'Well, and how are you getting on?' asked an old duck, who had come to pay her a visit. 'This one egg keeps me so long,' said the mother, 'it will not break; but you should see the others! they are the prettiest little ducklings I have seen in all my days; they are all like their father, the good-for-nothing fellow! he has not been to visit me once.' 'Let me see the egg that will not break,' said the old duck; 'depend upon it, it is a turkey's egg. I was cheated in the same way once myself, and I had such trouble with the young ones; for they were afraid of the water, and I could not get them there. I called and scolded, but it was all of no use. But let me see the egg—ah yes! to be sure, that is a turkey's egg. Leave it, and teach the other little ones to swim.' 'I will sit on it a little longer,' said the duck. 'I have been sitting so long, that I may as well spend the harvest here.' 'It is no business of mine,' said the old duck, and away she waddled. 'The great egg burst at last,' 'Chick, chick,'

said the little one, and out it tumbled—bunt to how large and ugly it was! the duck looked at it. 'That is a great, strong creature, and she is none of the others are at all like it; she is a young turkey-cock,' well, we shall soon find out, it must go into the water, though I push it in myself.' The next day there was delightful weather, and the sun shone warmly upon all the green leaves, when mother-duck with all her family went down to the canal; plump she went into the water, 'quack, quack,' cried she, and one duckling after another jumped in. The water clung over their heads, but all came up again, and swam together in the pleasantest manner; their legs moved without effort. All were there, even the ugly grey one. 'Not it is not a turkey,' said the old duck; 'only see how prettily it moves its legs; how upright it holds itself; it is my own child! it is also really very pretty when one looks more closely at it; quack, quack, now come with me, I will take you into the world, introduce you in the duck-yard; but keep close to me, or some one may read on you, and beware of the cat.' So they came into the duck-yard. There was a horrid noise; two families were quarrelling about the remains of an eel, which in the end was secured by the cat. 'See, my children, such is the way of the world,' said the mother-duck, wiping her beak, for she too was fond of roasted eels. 'Now use your legs,' said she, 'keep together, and bow to the old duck you see yonder.' She is the most distinguished of all the fowls present, and is of Spanish blood, which accounts for her dignified appearance and manners. And look, she has a red rag on her leg; that is considered extremely handsome, and is the greatest distinction a duck can have. Don't turn your feet inwards; a well-educated duckling always keeps his legs far apart, like his father and mother, just so—look! now bow your necks, and say, 'quack.' And they did as they were told. But the other ducks who were in the yard looked at them, and said aloud, 'Only see, now we have another brood, as if there were not enough of us already, and he! how ugly that one is, we will not endure it, and immediately one of the ducks flew at him and bit him in the neck.' 'Leave him alone,' said the mother, 'he is doing no one any harm.' 'Yes, but he is so large, and so strange-looking, and therefore he shall be teased.' 'Those are fine children that our good mother has,' said the old duck with the red rag on her leg. 'All are pretty except one, and that has not turned out well; I almost wish it could be hatched over again.' 'That cannot be, please your highness,' said the mother; 'certainly he is not handsome, but he is a very good child, and swims as well as the others, indeed rather better. I think he will grow like the others all in good time, and perhaps will look smaller. He stayed so long in the egg-shell, that is the cause of the difference,' and she scratched the duckling's neck, and stroked his whole body. 'Besides,' added she, 'he is a drake; I think he will be very strong, therefore it does not matter so much, he will fight his way through.' The other ducks were very pretty, said the old duck; 'pray make yourselves at home, and if you find an eel's head you can bring it to me.' And accordingly they made themselves at home. But the poor little duckling, who had come last out of its egg-shell, and who was so ugly, was bitten, pecked, and teased by both ducks and hens. 'It is so large,' said they all. And the turkey-cock, who had come into the world with spurs on, and therefore fancied he was an emperor, pulled himself up like a ship in full sail, and marched up to the duckling quite red with passion. The poor little thing scarcely knew what to do, he was quite distressed, because he was so ugly, and because he was the best of the poultry-yard. So passed the first day, and afterwards matters grew worse and worse, the poor duckling was scorned by all. Even his brothers and sisters behaved unkindly, and were constantly saying, 'The cat fetch thee, thou nasty creature.' The mother

said, 'Ah, if thou wert only far away!' The ducks bit him, the hens pecked him, and the girl who fed the poultry kicked him. He ran over the hedges, the little birds in the bushes were terrified. 'That is because I am so ugly,' thought the duckling, shutting his eyes; but he ran on. At last he came to a wide moor, where lived some wild ducks; here he lay the whole night so tired and so comfortless. In the morning the wild ducks flew up, and perceived their new companion; 'Pray, who are you?' asked they; and our little duckling turned himself in all directions, and greeted them as politely as possible. 'You are really uncommonly ugly,' said the wild ducks; 'however, that does not matter to us; provided you do not marry into our families.' Poor thing! he had never thought of marrying; he only begged permission to lie among the reeds, and drink the water of the moor. There he lay for two whole days: on the third day there came two wild geese, or rather ganders, who had not been long out of their egg-shells, which accounts for their impertinence. 'Hark ye,' said they, 'you are so ugly that we like you infinitely well; will you come with us, and be a bird of passage?' On another moor, not far from this, are some dear, sweet wild geese, as lovely creatures as have ever said 'hiss, hiss.' 'You are truly in the way to make your fortune, ugly as you are.' Bang! a gun went off all at once, and both wild geese were stretched dead among the reeds, the water became red with blood;—bang! a gun went off again, whole flocks of wild geese flew up from among the reeds, and another report followed. There was a grand hunting party: the hunters lay in ambush all around; some were even sitting in the trees, whose huge branches stretched far over the moor. The blue smoke rose through the thick trees like a mist, and was dispersed as it fell over the water; the hounds splashed about in the mud, the reeds and rushes bent in all directions—how frightened the poor little duck was! he turned his head, thinking to hide it under his wings, and in a moment a most formidable-looking dog stood close to him, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, his eyes sparkling fearfully. He opened wide his jaws at the sight of our duckling, showed him his sharp white teeth, and, splash splash! he was gone, gone without hurting him. 'Well, but we be thankful,' sighed he, 'I am so ugly that even the dog will not eat me.' And now he lay still, though the shooting continued among the reeds, ever following shot. The noise did not cease till late in the day, and even then the poor little thing dared not stir; he waited several hours before he looked around him; and then hastened away from the moor as fast as he could; he ran over fields and meadows, though the wind was so high that he had some difficulty in proceeding.

Towards evening he reached a wretched little hut, so wretched that it knew not on which side to fall, and therefore remained standing. The wind blew violently, so that our poor little duckling was obliged to support himself on his tail, in order to stand against it; but it became worse and worse. He then remarked that the door had lost one of its hinges, and hung so much awry that he could creep through the crevice into the room, which he did. In this room lived an old woman, with her tomatoe and her hen; and the cat, whom she called her little son, knew how to set up his back and purr; indeed, he could even emit sparks when stroked the wrong way. The hen had very short legs, and was therefore called 'Cuckoo Shortlegs'; she laid very good eggs, and the old woman loved her as her own child. The next morning the new guest was perceived; the cat began to mew, and the hen to cackle. 'What is the matter?' asked the old woman, looking round; however, her eyes were not good, so she took the young duckling to be a fat duck who had lost her way. 'This is a capital catch,' said she; 'I shall now have duck's eggs, if it be not a drake's we must try.' And so the duckling was put to the proof for three weeks, but his eggs made their appearance. Now the cat was

the master of the house, and the hen was the mistress; and they used always to say, 'We and the world,' for they imagined themselves to be not only the half of the world, but also by far the better half. The duckling thought it was possible to be of a different opinion, but that the hen would not allow. 'Can you lay eggs?' asked she. 'No.' 'Well, then, hold your tongue.' And the cat said, 'Can you set up your back? can you purr?' 'No.' 'Well, then, you should have no opinion when reasonable persons are speaking.' So the duckling sat alone in a corner, and was in a very bad humour; however, he happened to think of the fresh air and bright sunshine, and these thoughts gave him such a strong desire to swim again that he could not help telling it to the hen. 'What ails you?' said the hen; 'you have nothing to do, and therefore brood over these fancies; either lay eggs, or purr, then you will forget them.' 'But it is so delicious to swim,' said the duckling, 'so delicious when the waters close over your head, and you plunge to the bottom.' 'Well, that is a queer sort of a pleasure,' said the hen; 'I think you must be crazy. Not to speak of myself, ask the cat—he is the most sensible animal I know—whether he would like to swim or to plunge to the bottom of the water. Ask our mistress, the old woman—there is no one in the world wiser than she—do you think she would take pleasure in swimming, and in the waters closing over her head?' 'You do not understand me,' said the duckling. 'What we do not understand you! so you think yourself wiser than the cat, and the old woman, not to speak of myself. Do not fancy any such thing, child, but be thankful for all the kindness that has been shewn you. Are you not lodged in a warm room, and have you not the advantage of society from which you can learn something? But you are a simpleton, and it is wearisome to have anything to do with you. Believe me, I wish you well. I tell you unpleasant truths, but it is thus that real friendship is shewn. Come, for once give yourself the trouble to learn to purr, or to lay eggs.' 'I think I will go out into the wide world again,' said the duckling. 'Well, go,' answered the hen.

So the duckling went. He swam on the surface of the water, he plunged beneath, but all animals passed him by, on account of his ugliness. And the autumn came, the leaves turned yellow and brown, the wind caught them and danced them about, the air was very cold, the clouds were heavy with hail or snow, and the raven sat on the hedge and croaked:—the poor duckling was certainly not very comfortable! One evening, just as the sun was setting with unusual brilliancy, a flock of large beautiful birds rose from out of the brushwood; the duckling had never seen anything so beautiful before, their plumage was of a dazzling white, and they had long slender necks. They were swans, they uttered a singular cry, spread out their long splendid wings, and flew away from these cold regions to warmer countries, across the open sea. They flew so high, so very high! and the little ugly duckling's feelings were so strange; he turned round and round in the water like a mill-wheel, strained his neck to look after them, and sent forth such a loud and strange cry, that it almost frightened himself. 'Ah! he could not forget them, those noble birds, those happy birds!' When he could see them no longer, he plunged to the bottom of the water, and when he rose again was almost beside himself. The duckling knew not what the birds were called, knew not whether they were flying, yet he loved them as he had never before loved anything; he envied them not, it would never have occurred to him to wish such beauty for himself; he would have been quite contented if the ducks in the duck-pond had but endured his company—the poor ugly animal! And the winter was so cold, so cold! The duckling was obliged to wince round and round in the water, to keep it from freezing; but every night the opening in which he swam became smaller and smaller; it froze so that the

crust of ice cracked; the duckling was obliged to make good use of his legs to prevent the water from freezing entirely; at last, wearied out, he lay stiff and cold in the ice.

Early in the morning there passed by a peasant, who saw him, broke the ice in pieces with his wooden shoe, and brought him home to his wife. He now revived; the children would have played with him, but our duckling thought they wished to tease him, and in his terror jumped into the milk-pail, so that the milk was spilled about the room; the good woman screamed and clapped her hands; he flew thence into the par where the butter was kept, and thence into the meal-barrel; and out again, and then how strange he looked! The woman screamed, and struck at him with the tongs; the children ran races with each other trying to catch him, and laughed and screamed likewise. It was well for him that the door stood open; he jumped out among the bushes into the new-fallen snow—he lay there as in a dream.

But it would be too melancholy to relate all the trouble and misery that he was obliged to suffer during the severity of the winter: he was lying on a moor among the reeds, when the sun began to shine warmly again, the larks sang, and beautiful spring had returned. And, once more, he shook his wings. They were stronger than formerly, and bore him forwards quickly, and before he was well aware of it, he was in a large garden where the apple-trees stood in full bloom, where the syringas sent forth their fragrance, and hung their long green branches down into the winding canal. Oh, every thing was so lovely, so full of the freshness of spring! And out of the thicket came three beautiful white swans. They displayed their feathers so proudly, and swam so lightly, so lightly! The duckling knew the glorious creatures; and was seized with a strange melancholy;—'I will fly to them, those kingly birds,' said he. 'They will kill me, because I am ugly as I am,' have presumed to approach them; but it matters not, better to be killed by them than to be bitten by the ducks, pecked by the hens, kicked by the girl who feeds the poultry, and to have so much to suffer during the winter!' He flew into the water, and swam towards the beautiful creatures—they saw him, and shot forward to meet him. 'Only kill me,' said the poor animal; and he bowed his head low, expecting death. But what did he see in the water? He saw beneath him his own form, no longer that of a plump, ugly, grey bird—it was that of a swan. It matters not to have been born in a duckyard, if one has been hatched from a swan's egg.

The good creature felt himself really elevated by all the troubles and adversities he had experienced. He could now rightly estimate his own happiness, and the larger swans swam round him, and stroked him with their beaks. Some little children were running about in the garden; they threw grain and bread into the water, and the youngest exclaimed, 'There is a new one!' The others also cried out, 'Yes, there is a new swan come!' and they clapped their hands, and danced around. They ran to their father and mother; bread and cake were thrown into the water, and every one said, 'The new one is the best, so young and so beautiful!' and the bloated toad bowed before him. The young swan felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wings; he scarcely knew what to do; he was almost too happy, but still not proud; for a good heart is never proud. He remembered how he had been persecuted and derided, and he now heard every one say he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds. The syringas bent down their branches towards him; low into the water, and the sun shone so warmly and brightly—he shook his feathers, stretched his slender neck, and in the joy of his heart said, 'I will now hold him in dream of so much happiness when I was a poor, despised duckling.' We think we have no occasion to recommend the volume in which so clever and pertinent a story



as this appears. We consider M. Anderson's Danish novel to be a charming accession to our stock of this species of literature.

**FRENCH COOKERY** is a book which French Domestic Cookery, combining Elegance with Economy. Pp. 329. London, D. Bogue. This is a hundred receipts, and a number of plates, and it illustrates this adaptation from the Parisian La Cuisine, &c., by Noelle Cuisine Economique, and bravely asserts not only the superiority but the economy of French cooking. But there is one rule connected with this interesting subject of more vital and practical importance than all the rest put together, and the transgression of which impugns the science more in London than any mass of failures in other respects. We allude to the keeping of time. To have the perfection of the French cuisine there must be no waiting of half hours or hours for some lazy loitering dandy who makes it a point to be always late, nor even for a fine lady who is addicted to the same silly affectation. To have really what a true gourmet can relish above the most ordinary concoctions; a dinner of this high order must be eaten at the period appointed for its service; and unless this is done, the plainest of all plain meals is better than a half cold, half hot, over-dressed, irregular banquet after the French fashion. It is this which makes the generality of pseudo entertainments of the sort absolutely detestable, and the *réception* merits that are placed before you over and over again the very odium of food for civilised beings, not to mention connoisseurs of cultivated taste and palate. Hotel French cookery is in nineteen cases out of twenty notoriously bad, in consequence of being ready for every occasion and called. A new reading of the beef-steak axiom is in a ten-fold degree applicable here: *if done when it is done it were well it were eaten quickly*—not left for mortification in covered side dishes, whilst time is employed upon the soup and fish, but produced from the regions below and promoted forthwith to the enjoyment of the festal parties assembled. As observed, there are many dishes in this little book which will make a tempting variety to the daily viands; not sought with so much avidity in this hot weather; and we dare say at little if any additional cost. For higher performances, gastronomy may consult Mr. Bentley's handsome volume *The Modern Cook* reviewed in No. 1526 of the *Literary Gazette*; but for common use in genteel families this will be found, as with Sayer, Ude, Rendell, Meg Dods, &c. &c., a guide of very satisfactory character.

**Second notice.** The *Literary Gazette* has given us a better and less imperfect sketch of the history of epistolary literature than that contained in his preface to the present work. The whole period, from the Gothic to the fourteenth century, is depicted in the following brief paragraphs: *Letters in Latin, illustrative of English history, are numerous from the eleventh to the fifteenth century. A few of importance occur in the collection of Archbishop Lanfranc's letters, others are among those of Anselm, and some relating to England in the time of Henry the Second will be found in the correspondence of Peter de Blois. Matthew Paris's *Historia Major* is full of such letters; and none can perhaps be found in his history more graphic in description than that from a knight in the army of Henry the Third, in 1245, which details the particulars of a conflict with the Welsh. Surely Sir Henry could, had he so pleased, have gratified the public with some notice of the voluminous and most interesting correspondence of Thomas Becket, of Gilbert Foliot, of John of Salisbury, and of so many other illustrious men of the twelfth*

century, which was truly an age of letter-writing, and a selection from which (translated, of course) would furnish a couple of volumes far more interesting and, we think, more popular than those before us. When speaking of the letters of the time of Henry the Third, when they are found also in abundance, Sir Henry ought not to have passed over without mention the interesting inedited letter of Adam de Marisco, preserved in manuscript in the British Museum. Moreover, as he has ventured to go so far back as the time of the Conqueror, by inserting Latin letters, we think he might just as well have given us a few specimens of the Saxon period, to which he only alludes in a note in the preface, expressed in terms which, we think, must have been intended to carry a different meaning from that which they seem naturally to convey.

The earliest letter written in England now remaining, is probably that of Wuldhur [? Waldhere], Bishop of London, to Beretwald [A. Beretwald], or Birhtwald, Archbishop of Canterbury, in Latin, preserved in the Cottonian manuscript, Augustus II., Art. 18, desiring his advice as to the mode of proceeding at a council summoned at a place called Bregunford, for settling certain differences which had arisen between the king and the said council. Birhtwald was Archbishop of Canterbury from A.D. 692 to 731. The letter is greatly injured, and altogether too difficult to be perfectly made out: a solitary record of early epistolary intercourse in the Saxon times. The editor knows of no other letter previous to the Norman Conquest.

We certainly have never heard of this extraordinary scarcity of letters before the Conquest. Not to speak of Columbanus, because he was an Irishman, we have letters of and to Aldhelm, which must have been antecedent to this of Waldhere; of Bede; an interesting letter of Cuthbert, giving an account of Bede's death; a host of letters of singular interest, written by Anglo-Saxons (men and women) in the earlier half of the seventh century, printed among the epistles of Boniface; the numerous epistles of Alcuin; and many others in subsequent times. There are even letters in Anglo-Saxon. What could have been a more interesting letter than that of Alfred to his bishops, accompanying his translation of the Pastoral, and giving an account of his own labours? This has the double recommendation that the original itself is preserved in one or more copies written evidently by Alfred's own scribe.

While mentioning defects, we will point out a mistranslation in the second volume, both because it shows how liable we are all to commit oversights of this kind, and how ungenerous it is to seek them out and criticise them with acrimony, and because Sir Henry Ellis has made it the foundation of a somewhat theoretical superstructure. Having inserted a letter relating to Tyndal's edition of the English translation of the New Testament, printed abroad, he observes in his introductory remarks:

"There is a passage in Cochleus's History of the Life and Writings of Martin Luther which seems to allude distinctly to the particular exemplar of Tyndal's translation, coetaneous with the smaller impression, and described by the Bishop of Norwich as having the Glosses joined with it. Cochleus, intending to print a work of his own, had gone to Cologne, where some of the composers he was about to employ, in an unguarded moment, intimated that they were engaged in preparing a work for two Englishmen lately arrived from Wittenberg, which would soon make England Lutheran. His curiosity and his attachment to his faith as a Catholic induced him to pursue inquiry; and having invited some of the printers to his lodgings, he plied them with drink, when they disclosed to him the particulars of the secret they had hinted. Namely, that there were in the press three thousand copies of the Lutheran New Testament translated into English; which the English merchants were preparing to convey secretly to

their country, and that they, the printers, had proceeded already as far as what was termed the 'signature K,' in quarto. Cochleus went privately to Herman Rinck, an industrial burgher of Cologne, and told him what he had heard. Rinck himself continued the inquiry; and when he had ascertained not only the accuracy of Cochleus's statement, but that the printer's house was filled with paper to carry on the work, he went to the senate and obtained an order that the printers should be prohibited from proceeding further. Upon which the two Englishmen, carrying away with them the sheets already finished, fled up the Rhine to Worms, in hope that as the inhabitants were generally Lutheran, they might find some printer there who would still bring their undertaking to its completion."

Upon which Sir Henry adds: "Of this larger projected edition of Tyndal's Testament with the Glosses, the only fragment which has come down to us is now in the library of the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, who kindly lent it for examination to the editor of these volumes."

In the extracts from Cochleus, where we have given two words in italics, the original tells us: "Nempe versari sub prelo trita millia exemplarium Novi Testamenti Lutherani, in Anglicanum linguam translata, ac processum esse jam usque ad litteram alphabeti K, in ordine quaternionum." Quaternio is the common and usual term applied to the sheets of a book, in French *quatre*, and did not indicate the size. It means, to the letter K in the order of the sheets; and we think is quite wrongly translated in *quarto*. We have therefore no reason for believing that this was the larger sized edition of the Testament, with the Glosses; it may very probably have been the smaller one, of which two copies are preserved. Moreover, Cochleus says that it being *sub prelo* had proceeded as far as signature K, which we imagine entirely precludes Sir Henry Ellis's subsequent assumption, that it had only been printed off to signature H, because it was a comparatively modern system, when proofs were sent from the office to be corrected by the authors, and the printers had more type, to get up two sheets in type, before one was printed off. "The signatures (Sir Henry observes) of Mr. Grenville's fragment go to H only. The probability is, that Cochleus disclosed the secret which he had extorted from the printers so rapidly to Herman Rinck, and he to the senate of Cologne, that there could not have been time for progress to be made beyond what had been accomplished; that I and K were (in the printers' language) only set up, and that the fragment now possessed by Mr. Grenville contains all which was absolutely printed off at the time of the flight to Worms. Of Tyndal's edition in the smaller size, without the Glosses, two copies are known to be extant."

The second volume contains some valuable letters illustrative of the eventful reign of the eighth Henry. Among them are several which exhibit the upstart petulance and tyranny of Wolsey. At one time we find the emperor (the high and mighty Charles V.) complaining of the want of respect with which the haughty cardinal had treated his ambassador. "After the delayance off the king's letters and the queues to the emperors majesty, we delivervyd also your grace's letters in the best manner that we coude. The which his majesty redde, and affir sayd vn to vs that som words ware in the sayd letters very good concerning hym and his affayres, how be it he coude not a litle marveyll off your grace's othir demagor towards hym dyvers tymes; considering the singulier amitie that is betwix the king, his brother and hym; and besyds all the odyr before, now lately with my lord off Bevers, and his othir ii. ambassadors there. Your grace, he sayd, veyd very estrange words, as appear by ther bettyres, and referred hym to Richard Sampson before. And sir, rewith this, that afftir the receyving off his last letters, wright off England, immediately, the

same day, his majesty sent M. Jhon Lallemand to me with the said letters, who showed me in articles, and the said night he sent me the copie of off them the which we send here enclosed to your grace. The third article he gave not in writing, but the effect was concerning the emperours spying on the monarchie; and the impeachment of the same to be made by the king's highnesse, with your grace's advysement and eyde. His majesty seyd also that your grace hath namyd hym to be a liar, observing no manner off feith or promesse; my lady Margarete a rybawide; Don Fernando his brodyr a childe, and so goverid; the Duke off Burbon a creature. And this reports was brought be Mons. de Bewreynne now callid Mons. de Rieux, at his last being in Englund. When he desyrd eyde off the king's highnesse for Mons. de Burbon off M. ducats for his entree into Burgundie, affir the presence off the ffrence king in Italia, then he seyd that your grace unsword that the king's highnesse had other things to doo with his money, than to spende it for the pleasor off such iiiij. personages, expressing the forseyd words. His Majestic seyd morovyr that som things accordyng to the treatie he hath not observyd, the which he confessith. Notwithstanding it hath not beyen for want off good will, but extreme nede hath causyd hym that he coude not accomply all his promysse, the which schuld not be arrectyd to his onfeithfulness be any frende, considering that it was not in his power. This sur, with other words his majesty spakke, be the which we perceyvd that off your grace dyvers tymes he hath harde grevous reports, and esteemith the same demeanor vey strange.

At another time, we have the Archbishop of Canterbury complaining of the tyrannical manner in which the powerful minister had infringed upon the jurisdiction of his province. And again, at another, we see the king himself jealous that Wolsey's domestic establishment should be, in some things superior to his own. In a fourth letter, an abbot complains of the unjust seizure of his abbeylands by the cardinal's servants. The following, from one of Wolsey's agents, affords a curious picture of the blessings entailed on society by the monastic sanctuaries, which became, in the worst sense of the word, dens of thieves:

"Syns your grace departinge ther hath been here great assemblies and bushments of persones, susp-ct of felony, which have used the company and familiarite of sentuary men, and at ij sundre dayes did rescue such vacabunds as the custables for ther inydemours wold have imprisoned in the gate-house. Which after I had knowlege off, I consalled with M<sup>r</sup>. Stose and Mr. Cromvell, and togedders we spak with tharboot and Sir Hugh Vaghan, therein wheruppon ther was a watch commandment tightly to be kepud and is so kepud by the inhabitants of the same town as by the lawe they aught to do; and in yers past have ben accus-tomed to do. And theruppon the said suspect assemblies and bushments did brek and avoid; and syns the sentuary men have ben more straitly kepud in than ther wer afore, before wherof on Mulsey that was the king's servant, beinge a sentuary man at Westm<sup>r</sup>, hath refused the same, and goth abroad, who, as I here, hath a gret nombry of un-thrifty persones belonging unto hym, of whom Sir Hugh Vaghan's servants yesterday and this mornyng toke vij that had stoled horses, and hath theym in hold. It is mouch suspect thes bushments intended to have don sum displeasor at your majestie called York Place. This last shewes, as I am credibly informed, on of my Lord Stawerts servants at Chelsey in his own house was sore wounded with such persones which wer followid to the sentuary, but yet ther be not takyn nor known. Of the said bushments, Serjeler and Servington of th'yns of court, and on Pen that war your late controllers servant and lay in wayt to have slayed Mr. Cromvell, as I do here, wer ther that made the said rescues upon the constables. And it is said that the said Serjeler and Servington be abroad

with a great nombre of suspect persones with them.

We have in this volume also some curious letters relating to the earlier progress of the Reformation in England. In 1535 Edward Lee, the king's ambassador to Spain, and afterwards Archbishop of York, writes to the king: "Hidretoo, blessed bee God, your realme is save from infection of Luthers sect, as for so mutche that althowg anye peradyventur bee secretlie blotted within, yet for fear of your royall majestie, wiche hathe drawn his swerd in Gods cause, they dar not openlie avowe. Wherfor I can not doubt but that your noble grace will valiantlie mainetaine that you have so noble begonne."

"This realme of Fraunce hath been somewhat touched with this sect, in so mutche that it hath entred amongs the doctors of Parisse, wherof some bee in prison, some fled, some called in judicium. The bisschoppe also of Meulx, called Melden, is summoned for that cause, for he suffred Luthers perverse opinions to be preched in his diocese. Faber also, a man hidretoo noted of excellent good lief and lernyng is called among them, but some saye heer for displeas<sup>r</sup>, wiche I can well think. The parliament of Parisse hath had mutche business to repress this sect. And yet, blessed be God, your noble realme is yet unblotted. Wherfor lest any danger myght ensue, if thies books secretlie should be brought in, I thought my duetie to advertise your grace therof, considering that it toucheth your high honor, and the wealth and integrite of the Christen fayeth with in your realme; wiche can not long endur if thies bookes maye come in."

A letter or two relating to the Holy Maid of Kent, and one or two on the dissolution of monasteries, are merely supplemental to the more interesting letters on the same subjects published in the collection of Letters on the Dissolution of Monasteries, by Mr. Wright, to which we may observe that Sir Henry Ellis has not made the slightest allusion. Dr. Andrew Boorde's opinion of Scots and "other aliens," as expressed in the following letter, is somewhat curious:

"After humly salutacyon with dew reverence, I certifie your Mastershepp that I am now in Skotland, in a lytle vnyuersyte or study, namyd Glasco, wher I study and practyse physyk, as I haue done in dyuerse regions and prouinces, for the sustentacyon off my lyuyng; assewryng yow that in the partes that I am yn, the kings grace hath many ze and in manner all manner of persones (except some skolestyall men) that be hys aduersarys, and spekyth perlyus wordes. I resort to the Skotysch kyngs howse, and to the Erle of Aryn, named Hamylton, and to the lord Eryndale, namyd Stuerd, and to many lords and lards, as well spyrytuall as temporal; and truly I know ther mynds, for thei takyth me for a Skotysch mans sone, for I name my self Karre, and so the Karres kallyth me cosyn, thorow the which I am in the more fauer. Shortly to conclude, trust yow no Skott, for they will yowse flatteryng wordes, and all is falholde. I suppose verly that yow have in Ynglond by zend x. thousand Skotts, and innumerable other alyens, which doth (specyally the Skotts) much harme to the kyngs leege men thorow ther awyll wordes; for as I went thorow Ynglond I met and was in company off many rurall felows, Englishmen, that loue nott our graciose kyng; wold to Jesu that some war ponysshed to geue other ex-ample; wold to Jesu also that yow had never an alyon in your realme, specially Skotts, for I neuer knew alyon goode to Ynglond, except thei knew profit and lucre shold to them, &c. In all the partes of Crystyndom that I have trawlyd in, I know nott v. Englishmen inhabytors, except only skolers for lernyng. I pray to Jesu that alyons in Ynglond do no more harme to Ynglond. If I myght do Ynglond any seruyce, specyally to my souerayne lorde the kyng and to yow, I wold do yit to spend and put my lyf in danger and iuberdy as far as any man, God be my judge."

We reserve our further observations until the appearance of the remaining volumes, which we presume will soon follow the first brace.

*History of England, in Verse.* By A. Rosindale. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Souther and Lowndes edit.

The versification, it is truly one of the highest poetical cast; but it may serve to impress the history upon the memory from (and before) Egbert to Victoria. It has the advantage to be the most comprehensive, at least of any that we have seen; and is set to music, to boot, the farther to assist the youthful pupil in remembering the words to be sung or said.

*Playfair's Euclid's Elements, first Six Books.* With Additions by W. Wallace, A.M., &c. Notes, &c. by the Rev. P. Kelland. 10th edition. Edinburgh, Bell and Bradfute.

The 10th edition, worth a volume of critical praise in far more than a geometrical ratio.

*The History of Civilisation.* By E. Guizot. Vol. I. Translated by W. Hazlitt. Bogue's European Library.

A work of acknowledged European (and standard) worth, which reflects weight and credit on any series of publication. It was from entertaining such enlarged views, and exercising so high an intellect, as are here displayed, which prepared M. Guizot to play one of the greatest parts, and one of the most beneficial to his fellow-creatures, ever performed by mortal man.

*On the Principles of Naval Tactics, &c.* By Captain C. R. Moorsom, R.N. Part 86.

The experience and talents of Captain Moorsom are so generally known and appreciated, that we, with landsman-intelligence, can hardly do his work a service by stating that it is very plain, very scientific, and very perfect, in the theory and practice of naval tactics. The principles are fully laid down to meet almost every possible case; and a naval oracle by our side, who has sailed all over the world, chased, fought, bled, and triumphed, assures us that the publication must be most useful to the officers and navy of England.

*A Few Notes on Cruelty to Animals.* In the Adequacy of Penal Law, as a General Remedy for Animals, &c. By R. Fletcher. Edin. 8vo. pp. 165.

Longmans. An earnest appeal on behalf of the animal creation, in which the cruelties practised upon those most connected with man, for service or food, are feelingly pointed out, and remedies proposed for their repression or prevention. The admirable enthusiasm of the writer pervades every page, in this marvellous cause; and it is shocking to read the instances he has selected from police and other reports of the disgraceful and unchristian inhumanity, so frequent in exercise, yet so difficult to be restrained, or so inadequately punished. His volume will, we trust, produce a good result.

*Dissection of Teetotalism.* By Democritus, with

Illustrations by Phiz. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper. A fierce onslaught upon teetotalism, which has, it seems, run through many editions, and which, certainly, a good deal of pithy argument, as well as humor, literary, and pictorial, is recommended. The immense increase in the consumption of opium, attributed to the disuse of other stimulants, is among the former; and it is stated that from 31,204 lbs. in 1838, before teetotalism came into vogue, it rose to 180,615 lbs. in 1840; when the tea-drinking mania attained its height. In applying the arguments ad absurdum, the writer appeals to water as a compound of two stimulating poisons, oxygen and hydrogen; and to alcohol as forming the largest constituent ingredient in sugar, vinegar, oil, the white of eggs, and the most nutritious parts of animal food. From such facts, he contends it is absurd to try to shut it out in the shapes of beer, wine, and spirits. After all, perhaps, moderation is the best guide in every thing.





Transactions, proceeded to discuss the general question of fresh water, eolic deposits, all of which he denominated *ecclides*, without reference to their geological position. He considers that these have been going on during the deposition of the marine beds, and that they result from a tract of land then undergoing great and sudden changes of elevation.

#### INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

May 26th.—Sir J. Rennie, president, in the chair. The paper read was "A memoir on the resistances to railway-trains at different velocities," by Mr. W. Harding. Great difference of opinion on the amount of resistance prevailed in 1837, when a committee of the British Association examined the subject and reported upon it; notwithstanding this, it was found in 1845 that the estimates taken by some engineers of the resistances per ton at high velocities exceeded those acknowledged by other engineers by as much as 300 per cent. It appeared that the same low estimate of resistance was advanced by the advocates of the broad gauge before the Gauge Commissioners. It became, therefore, a matter of great interest, both in a theoretical and practical point of view, to determine which of these two estimates (differing thus widely) was correct; and the inquiry was stated to have been facilitated by the application of two novel and direct modes of measuring resistances, recently afforded to engineers by the atmospheric railway apparatus and the application of Morin's dynamometer to determine the tractive force required in propelling railway-trains, as used by Mr. Scott Russell in his experiments. In arranging the vast number of results afforded by experiments, the author proceeded on the following principle: he collected together all the results of experiments which exhibited uniform velocities maintained on a calm day and on a line free from sharp curves; these results he calculated and projected in diagrams, and he showed that between these results there subsisted the most satisfactory agreement and consistency. He argued that the fact of the agreement of so many experiments, made by different persons with different objects on different lines of railway during the last seven years, the resistance being measured, in no less than four different ways, leads almost irresistibly to the conclusion that the increase of resistance with the velocity was such as these various experiments indicated. The result was, that the resistance per ton to a passenger-train of, say, thirty tons at a speed of sixty miles per hour, would be upwards of 50 lbs. per ton, instead of 18 lbs. per ton—or nearly three times as much as had been estimated by some engineers. The paper was illustrated by several tables and diagrams.

A gas-burner was exhibited, the principal feature of novelty, of which was, the introduction of a stream of air to the centre of the flame by means of a hollow button in the middle of the burner. The air passing up through the hollow stem of this button was heated and passed out by two series of fine holes around the periphery, and impinging with some force on the flame of the gas, curved it outwards in the shape of a tulip, while the oxygen of the air mingling with the carburetted hydrogen gas produced a very perfect combustion. The flame was quite white down to the top of the burner, and it was very steady. It was stated that, in comparing the consumption of these burners with that of the concentric ring burners, and trying the power of the two lights with the photometer, the new burner gave a better light, with a saving of rather better than one-third of the gas consumed.

**Railway Map of England and Wales.** By Arrow-smith and Basire. This railway map, engraved for the Board of Trade, is every way worthy the importance of the subject, and of the nation so deeply concerned in the undertakings to which it applies. It is constructed on the plans deposited with Government last November, and exhibits to the latest period (the be-

ginning of the present year) all the railways in progress, all that were projected, those which failed in the Private Bill Office, and those on which no petition was afterwards presented to Parliament. The entire system is thus dissected, and on so large a scale that the map is itself as curious as it is useful. We understand that similar expositions for Scotland and Ireland are forthcoming; the whole will form an invaluable public record and reference of the utmost service to the country.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, June 3d.—The following degrees were conferred:

**Masters of Arts.**—J. E. Cross, grand compounder, Rev. G. T. Cameron, Christ Church College; Rev. W. Leay, St. Edmund Hall; W. P. Courtney, New Inn Hall; Rev. J. Haigh, Queen's College; Rev. T. G. Nicholas, Magdalen College; W. Green, Rev. G. Harper, Pembroke College; Rev. W. Barrett, W. Smith, Lincoln College; C. D. Smyth, Brasenose College; G. P. G. Cosserat, A. H. Ormerod, Exeter College; N. G. Charrington, Oriel Coll.; J. Boyle, Balliol College; G. W. Watson, Merton College; R. B. Holt, R. Gregory, Corpus Christi College.

**Bachelors of Arts.**—T. Charlewood, St. Alban Hall; L. Ireson, Trinity College; grand compounder; T. Bayley, G. W. Wall, St. Edmund Hall; C. K. Porter, New Inn Hall; R. G. Trevor, E. Jones, J. S. Treacher, T. A. Bowden, Magdalen Hall; F. M. Cameron, Christ Church Coll.; W. Maroon, A. P. Morris, Worcester Coll.; J. D. B. Polten, scholar of Corpus Christi College; De Courcy Meade, D. Yonge, H. Wilson, Exeter College; J. W. Milner, Lincoln College; H. Lewis, D. J. Harrison, Pembroke Coll.; T. Keble, demy of Magdalen; J. G. Cromwell, Brasenose Coll.; J. H. Jenkins, J. Capel, Oriel College; W. Salter, scholar, J. M. Nisbet, Balliol College; P. Wingfield, University College; H. C. T. Hildyard, Merton College.

CAMBRIDGE, June 4th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

**Bachelors of Arts.**—A. E. Aldridge, F. J. Heylar, C. Wilkinson, St. John's College; W. Fisher, Gonville and Caius College; B. E. Blomfield, W. W. Gibson, J. P. Pope, Christ Ch. Coll.; S. J. Heathcote, Magdalen College; E. L. Lockyer, compounder, Emmanuel College.

The Camden Medal prize for the best exercise composed in Latin hexameter verse, was adjudged to J. C. Wright, of King's College; Subject, "Visum Mirae dormienti oblectum."—*Speculator.*

The Chancellor's Gold Medal, given to the resident Undergraduates who shall compose in English the best ode or best poem in heroic verse, was adjudged to E. H. Bickersteth, of Trinity College; Subject, "Cæsar's invasion of Britain."

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

June 11th.—The president in the chair. It was announced from the chair, that with a view to meet the wishes of the members, the Council had directed the secretaries to announce at the meetings the business for the following evening of meeting. But as from the great paucity of communications this contemplated arrangement might be attended with difficulties, the Council pressed upon the consideration of the members the necessity of more active exertions being used to provide materials for the meetings. A copy of the resolution of Council, it was stated, was ordered to be forwarded to every member of the society residing in the United Kingdom.

Mr. Roots exhibited some spear-heads in iron from the bed of the Thames, near Kingston-upon-Thames. Mr. Roots believed them to be Roman, and, in a note, adduced them as further evidence in support of his hypothesis that Julius Cæsar crossed the Thames at the spot where they were discovered.—The Dean of Hereford communicated an account of a discovery of the graves of some ecclesiastics in Hereford Cathedral.—Mr. Kempe announced that on a hill near Blethingley, in Surrey, he had recently discovered the remains of a Roman building. A portion of a paper by the Rev. O. Hartshorne was read, on the Roman sculpture discovered in 1844, at Sibson, in Northamptonshire, but it consists of fragments of statues of Minerva, Hercules, two charioteers, &c. Mr. Hartshorne stated that these were the first specimens of statues of pagan deities discovered in this country, and he assigned reasons for his believing they were erected in a Roman cemetery adjoining a vicinal road. Drawings of Roman vessels found with the

sculpture were exhibited. They were stated to have belonged to a funeral deposit.

#### BRITISH ANTHROPOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

June 10th.—Meeting of Council.—Five new associates, including Lord Portarlington, and two corresponding members were elected; and, as foreign members, Mr. J. J. A. Worsaae of Copenhagen, and M. Du Ménil, secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Normandy.—Mrs. Fitch of Ipswich presented etchings of some monastic seals from his private collection of deeds and documents relating to the county of Suffolk. Among them the most remarkable appeared to be that of the church of St. Peter and St. Paul at Ipswich, which exhibits an ecclesiastical edifice of undoubted Saxon architecture.—The Hon. Mrs. Annesley forwarded a number of silver coins of Edward VI., Philip and Mary, and Elizabeth, discovered near Castletown Roach, Cork.—The Rev. T. T. Lewis communicated an account, accompanied by a drawing, of a piece of sculpture in Fownhope Church, Herefordshire, which originally appeared to have been the tympanum of a door. It represents the Virgin seated, holding the infant Jesus in her lap. On the left side is an eagle, on the right a winged lion, surrounded with scroll-work. It is probably of the twelfth century, or earlier, and in style of workmanship resembles the sculpture of the knights in Kilpeck Church.—Mr. Sprague presented a drawing of a Roman urn of elegant shape, recently discovered with other Roman remains in the garden of Mr. Bryant of Colchester; and an impression of a seal reading *ANUS*, from Mr. Duffield of the same place.—Mr. Impney, through Mr. Price, addressed a letter to the Council respecting the abstraction or removal of some porcelain ornaments from Camberwell Church.—Mr. Kirkman communicated a paper on some Gaulish coins found in the beds of the rivers Thames and Seine.

Mr. Davis communicated, through Mr. Wright, a description of some carved blocks of stone inscribed with rude Italian characters, found near the Norman gate in Windsor Castle.—Mr. Croker reported to the Council that, by the exertions of Captain Beaufort, he had every reason to believe Mr. Reddel, the engineer of the railway which threatened the destruction of the Roman station at Castor, would be induced to alter the proposed line so as to preserve the remains intact.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

May 14th.—Mr. Hamilton read a paper "On the translations of Scripture in the Provencal language," by the Rev. Dr. Giffy, prebendary of Durham. It is a common notion that the existing literature of the Romance or Provencal language consists exclusively of the trivial and often facetious compositions of the troubadours. The object of Dr. Giffy, after exposing this mistake, was to give an account of many serious and even theological compositions in that language, preserved in the libraries of this and other countries, and, in particular, of several translations of the Scriptures, especially of the New Testament.

May 25th.—The secretary, Mr. Cattermole, read a paper, prepared by himself, "On the derivations and definitions of some English words by Mr. S. T. Coleridge." The etymological specimens brought forward from Mr. Coleridge's writings and conversations were preceded by remarks on that part of the plan of the Royal Society of Literature which relates to endeavouring to fix the standard and preserve the purity of the English language, by the critical improvement of its lexicography. With respect to Mr. Coleridge, it was contended that, though considered by some persons an obscure author, he was habitually careful and reflective in the use of terms; the acuteness of his intellect, and the purity of his language, were both of them made known to the English world by Mr. Aris at the Canterbury congress of the British Anthropological Association. Mr. Aris proved they had been sculptured in stone taken from a neighbouring quarry.—Ed. L. G.



the extent of his philological information, were beyond question. Some of the definitions adduced might appear better suited to the purpose of the philosopher than the lexicographer; they were, however, offered as hints and suggestions only—the raw material of lexicography—not as articles fit to be transferred to the columns of a dictionary.

A paper was then read "On the portion of the Turin Book of Kings, which follows that corresponding to the Twelfth Dynasty of Manetho," by Dr. E. Hincks. This was a sequel to a paper on another part of this celebrated papyrus, which was read March 12th. As respected that part of it, no controversy existed as to the order in which Dr. Lepsius had placed the fragments being in the main correct; but the chief object of the present paper was to show that the arrangement of the fragments subsequent to those containing the twelfth dynasty was, as to the most important points, erroneous. There was no imputation of bad faith on Dr. Lepsius; but he was censured for having adopted an uncritical mode of proceeding. In place of seeking for data in the papyrus itself, by which its fragments might be arranged in their proper order, he arranged them in the manner in which the greatest possible degree of conformity with the Karnac tablet would be produced. It would be impossible to give a sketch of the arguments used, the validity of which can only be estimated by those who have the fac-simile of the papyrus before them, and who follow the author with a compass and scale. His results may, however, be stated. The columns of the papyrus contained twenty-three or twenty-four lines each, extending over 127 inches of writing. No arrangement of the fragments can be admitted which makes a column longer than this; and consequently the arrangement in the columns numbered viii., x., and xi., must be altered. The column numbered vi. contains the beginning of one column and the end of another, between which one or two whole columns may have intervened; and in this place many of the fragments now placed in the column after vi. should be transposed. The compound fragment at the bottom of column vi. must be removed to the following column. This last change is a most important one, as it is this fragment which contains the principal names which are common to the papyrus and to the Karnac tablet. In the conclusion of the paper the order of these names is examined. It is shown that there are six names common to the two documents. These names are the 1st, 6th, 19th, 22d, 33d, and 41st in the papyrus, and the corresponding names in the Karnac tablet are the 20th, 3d, 10th, 21st, 4th, and 7th. Dr. Hincks concludes much in the same way as in his former paper, that the Karnac tablet and the papyrus cannot both be regarded as authentic documents. If the papyrus be such, the tablet must be abandoned, as being nothing more than a collection of figures and names of kings placed together without any regard to chronological order. If, on the other hand, any one chooses to regard the Karnac tablet as an historical document, he must, in order to be consistent, reject the papyrus as of no authority.

Appended to Dr. Hincks's paper was likewise read a note from Mr. Cullimore. Having adverted to a notice of the Turin Book of Kings, laid before the Society by himself in November 1839, and to a more full description of that document in a paper by Mr. Birch, which was read in November 1841, Mr. Cullimore proceeded to a comparison of its evidence with that of Manetho, Eratosthenes, and the monumental tablet of Karnac. He admitted that Dr. Hincks had, in the above-mentioned discussion, rendered an important service to Egyptian inquiry. He nevertheless confessed himself to be among those who are willing to abide by the authority of the Greek lists, and who regard the Karnac records as an historical document, but reject the papyrus as of no authority in its present fragmentary state. Without at all wishing to depreciate the value of that record, he could, as fifth agree with Dr. Hincks that the

list of kings attributed to Eratosthenes is a 'colossal fabrication,' as he could agree with the Chevalier Bunsen that this admirable catalogue, and the corresponding portions of the tablets of Karnac and Abydos, are at all dependent on the uncertain Turin papyrus for their connexion with Manetho's eighteenth dynasty and the corresponding portion of the tablet of Abydos, to which the former descend, if there be either truth or consistency in written and monumental history.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE

##### ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.  
Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.  
Wednesday.—Geological, 8 P.M.; British Archaeological, 8 P.M.  
Thursday.—Royal, 8 P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.  
Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.

#### FINE ARTS.

*Illustrated Excursions in Italy.* By Edward Lear. Folio, pp. 144. London, T. M'Lean.

A PUBLICATION of more artistic interest in connexion with Italy has rarely fallen from the press. It relates to a part of the country rarely visited, heretofore very seldom described, and not yet a tithe of it sufficiently illustrated. For it is full of architectural interest and picturesque beauties; of ancient relics, and the everlasting varieties of Nature in her wildest and softest moods. Sir R. Colt Hoare and Mr. Keppel Craven have, it is true, traversed the Abruzzi Provinces, and published very well written accounts of them (the work of the latter receiving the warm praise of the *Literary Gazette*); but it has remained for the drawings of Mr. Lear to afford us a more perfect idea of the time-worn remains and romantic features of this unfrequented region. These are lithographed by himself, and have all the spirit and fidelity of original sketches; only the architectural subjects being transferred to the wood by the able hand of Mr. R. Branston.

The handsome volume thus presents us with thirty fine plates and forty vignettes, all executed in an excellent style, to which the merits of authorship have also to be added. For the letterpress is lively and appropriate; and the whole combined forms a work of uncommon and very pleasing attraction.

After a long residence in the country, and well provided with letters of introduction to leading persons in these northern provinces of Naples, Mr. Lear and a friend proceeded on horseback on their visit to them, of which this is the result, with, we are glad, a promise of continuation, should it meet the encouragement it deserves, of which we think there cannot be a doubt. Tagliacozzo, Avezzano, Fucino, Luco, Trasacco, Celano, Solmona, Aquila, Rieti, Albe, Civita d'Antino, Pescina, Seanno, Abadessa, Isola, Lionessa, and Amatrice, and other places which challenge the pencil of the painter, furnish the principal pictures; and they are of every character of landscape beauty, from the gentlest vales and placid lakes to the ruggedest passes and most sublime mountains of central Italy. Without going into particular details, we may say in a word that every one of them is executed in a manner which reflects credit on the artist for his taste in selection and skill in execution. Of such merits, however, it is out of our power to give a sample in our notice; and we must be contented with a reference to some of the agreeable matter in the text which accompanies the engravings. The word Abruzzo is derived by antiquaries from the Præstuti, a people anciently inhabiting the northern part of the territory, which now forms the kingdom of Naples. Præstuti, by the Lombards was changed into Apenninus, and with the Italians it became Abruzzo. At this day, in *Teramo*, is a common name for one of these provinces, in which one hardly loses the sounds of *Interamna*, the capital of the Præstuti, and site of the modern *Teramo*. That portion of Italy now

known as the three Abruzzi was anciently inhabited by the Piceni, Præstuti, Vestini, Marrucini, Frentani, Peligni, Marsi, and Sabini; of which the two last only are remembered in the modern *Sabina* and *Marsica*, terms in common use, each of them the title of a bishopric, though the latter only is an Abruzzese diocese. All these territories under the Lombards became the counties of Amitero, Balva or Valva, Forcone, Marsi, Penne, &c. After the establishment of the monarchy of Naples in the twelfth century by the Normans, the first recorded division of the whole kingdom was under Frederic II., by whom it was formed into nine provinces, governed each by a Giustiziere, an office created by King Roger I. These Giustizieri were: 1. Abruzzo; 2. Terra di Lavoro; 3. Principato; 4. Basilicata; 5. Capitanata; 6. Terra di Bari; 7. Terra d'Otranto; 8. Val di Crati e Terra Giordana; 9. Calabria. In A.D. 1273, the province of Abruzzo was further divided into Abruzzo Citeriore and Ulteriore, by King Charles I. of Anjou. The latter of these was again subdivided into Ulteriore Primo and Secondo by the Marchese di Carpio in A.D. 1684. The provinces of the three Abruzzi are bounded on the north and west by the States of the Church, on the east by the Adriatic, and on the south by the Neapolitan counties of Terra di Lavoro and Molise or Campobasso. Their united population stands thus in Del Re, whose description of the kingdom of Naples is one of the best published, so far as it is completed:

Provinces of the Kingdom of Naples.	Population.
Abruzzo Citeriore (or Chieti)	85,482
Abruzzo Ulteriore (or Teramo)	190,916
Abruzzo 2 <sup>a</sup> Ulteriore (or Pescara)	278,636
<b>Total</b>	<b>555,034</b>

The great valleys in the heart of the Apennines are subject to the scourge of earthquakes, and that most frequently and fatally. And the inhabitants, for courtesy, simplicity, and hospitality, are a proverb among Italians as well as strangers.

Early on their way the travellers found nevertheless that hospitable feelings did not always ensure delightful entertainment. It was nearly noon, we were put up our horses, and having dismissed the authorities as to our passports and purposes for our staid, we adjourned to a wretched *locanda*, where the oste flattered us with hopes of something to eat, bidding us wait in a closet, very nearly filled up by a large bed, a cracked spinnet, and an inclined table with uncertain legs—but when the repast was brought, both eatables and drinkables were such that, though pretty well used to uncommon food, we were compelled to be content with bread and water; and, leaving our dinner in the charming chamber, where, cold and unhonoured, its relics were laid, we strolled by the willow-edged *Turano*, a stream which rises near Carsoli, till our horses were ready to start. This was the first place where we encountered that horrible beverage called *Vino Cotto*, which is wine boiled when new to make it keep; and, spite of its nastiness, is drunk all over the Abruzzi by the common people. I have tasted some, kept for many years; that was little inferior to good *Marsala*; but when new, it is filthy beyond imagination. All was bustle of harvest; treading out of corn, and bearing away of sheaves on the common before the gate of Avezzano, whose fine castle, built by the Colonna in the fifteenth century, stands well at the entrance of the town, and is a good specimen of a baronial residence. We asked for some inn or *locanda*, but these are desiderata in Abruzzo; and unluckily we had to seek our night's quarters in a place to which we had not brought a letter of introduction. One house, a *casa corradini*, was indicated as likely to receive us, and so

A permission is necessary from the Neapolitan minister resident in Rome for introducing horses from the Papal states into the Neapolitan dominions.

we entered the town in search of it. Though a large diocese, Avezzano is not a promising town in appearance; there are some few good palaces and convents, but the general effect of its streets is mean and uninteresting. It is not, I believe, the successor of any ancient city, yet Corviniani and others seek to derive its name from a temple of Janus—Ara Jani. Be this as it may, the decay of such important places of antiquity as Alba, Marrubium, Angizia, &c., may well have given rise to the more modern towns in their neighbourhood. Avezzano was probably no inconsiderable town in the middle ages, since we read of it as the temporary abode of the Emperor Frederic, in 1212. Of the people here, as of all we had met

since, our entering this Abruzzi, the prevailing character was politeness and goodnature. The town contains about two thousand five hundred inhabitants. We sat some time on our horses, waiting for the padrone of our lodgings that were to be, and meanwhile were highly amused by one of those torrents of pigs common to Italian country towns, when the sable tribe, for black they are all, return at night to supper. Most of these towns being upon hills, the swine are obliged to go up, and therefore arrive in a state of placid expectation; but at Avezzano they have all to come down hill, and so rush into the piazza in an uncontrollable frenzy. How we did laugh, to the diversion of half the rabble of the town, who had come to gaze

on us, as the immense current of grunter, burst from the long street into the market place, with a wonderful hubbub, and ran shrieking away through all the lanes of the place. When the pig-storm was over, and we had seen to our steeds, we made the most of the short remaining light, and hurried to our lodgings, where three ineffably polite females shewed us into a large raftered room, of a bewildering aspect, with much furniture and a great assortment of old clothes; and strewn with articles of female dress, intermixed rather oddly with fowls of all sizes, fluttering about in every direction, over and under two very misshapen beds. All this, added to the walls having a speckly appearance, which to the initiated denotes the prevalence of the pestilence, and the consequent



FORMER COSTUME OF THE WOMEN OF

SCANNO.

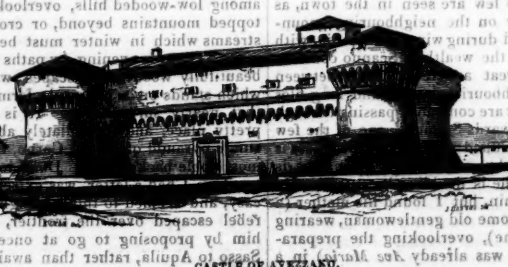
Many Greek migrations introduced these varieties of costume into the kingdom of Naples; but we must now bring our observations and ex-

scanned with its immediate spinning, and old-fashioned which broke the hoarse very pleasant as I passed up the well-paved streets to the house of the family to whom the Duchess of Arco had given me a letter of introduction. The inhabitants seemed particularly calm and silent, indulging little in that animated speech to action so characteristic of the people of the south. The whole population of the Abruzzi provinces have, indeed, much more repose of manner than is usual with their countrymen, and are a great contrast to their noisy brethren near Naples. Of the men of Scanno, who dress in dark cloth with brown woollen garters, very few are seen in the town as they are principally on the neighbourhood, and times in summer, and during the week of the flock, in which the weekly market is held. Scanno and the neighbourhood are composed of small hamlets with a few cottages, the narrow streets of the town, and the high walls of the castle, which is a fine specimen of the architecture of the south.



OLD HOUSE IN AQUILA.

Among these, strong and healthy, the people of Scanno, indeed, neither the Abruzzi nor the people of the south are considered as inferior to the people of the north. The people of the south are generally of a more robust and healthy constitution, and are more accustomed to the heat of the sun. The people of the north are generally of a more delicate constitution, and are more accustomed to the cold of the north. The people of the south are generally of a more robust and healthy constitution, and are more accustomed to the heat of the sun. The people of the north are generally of a more delicate constitution, and are more accustomed to the cold of the north.



CASTLE OF AVEZZANO.

MAZZA DI CELANO.



sense of certain flat entomological visitors, did not promise much repose; nor did the pensive chirping of an afflicted one-winged chicken, upon whom one of our landladies lavished the most touching caresses, at all strengthen our admiration of the dormitory we had selected. Meantime, while one of our hostesses reduced our chamber to order, we assisted the other, two, one of whom was very handsome, but, alarmingly, fierce, to pluck and roast some pigeons, which, eventually produced us no bad supper; for wine, alas! the horrible *vino cotto* was a most unsatisfactory substitute. As for our horses, fortunately, for them, they were far better lodged than their masters.

Still there was daylight left for a stroll; so we set off on foot to the lake (hardly a mile distant), through the quietest green lanes of turf, bordered by poplars, and enclosing plantations of low vines. How fresh the air! How deliciously calm the shallow transparent waters! How grateful the placid beauty of that lovely prospect, after all the heat of the day! Numbers of horses and flocks of sheep were scattered over the low meadows, near the water's edge; herds of goats were slowly and sedately winding their homeward way. It was not easy to quit the enjoyment of so tranquil a scene; and we wandered till it was dark by the still mirror,—an enjoyment ill exchanged for a return to our strange abode, to which, notwithstanding the pigeons, boiled and roast, together with some good macaroni, partly recompensed us. There was no lock to our door. All night long, two or three frantic hens kept tearing round the room, and would by no means be expelled; the afflicted chicken with a broken wing scrambled about the floor without intermission; vermin of two species (politely called *B. fl.* and *F. sharps*) worried us beyond endurance; a perpetual chorus of pigeons thrilled over our heads, and an accompaniment of pigs resounded from below. So we were very glad when morning appeared. Thus ended our first day and night in the Abruzzi.

Onward.—The present town of Lucca contains about 1600 inhabitants, nearly the whole of whom are supported by fishing in the lake; the result of which they carry by Capistrillo and Canistro to Subiaco, and even to Rome. The tench and barbel of Fucino are considered good; there are *scar-dafé* also; and *luciole*, and queer little ugly crabs, and crawfish, and frogs; on the whole, in my opinion, a very nasty collection; the Argentina being the only fish I could ever eat without fear of choking. We passed through Lucca, a lively little town, but with no particular object worthy of remark. Its inhabitants are considered by the Marsicans generally as being the finest race among them, strong and healthy, though not handsome; indeed, neither the Abruzzo men nor women can be considered as entitled to the reputation of great beauty, compared with that found in other parts of Italy. We remarked at every step the courtesy and pleasing cordiality of the peasants, nearly every individual saluting us, both while passing through the town, and afterwards from the vineyards by the roadside; most of them added a benediction, *“P’ accompagnà Maria!”* or *“V’ benedica Gesù!”* or *“Faccia felice viaggio!”* at the least. This good breeding and hospitable feeling throughout the Marsic territory are truly charming.

We approached Celano by stony lanes bordered with poplars, and more like watercourses than roads; for the carriage-road ceases below Paterno. Here all the scenery grows more wild and Swiss in character: vistas between mountains displayed crags with towns perched thereon; and clouds, covering many of the higher points, lent a mystery to what was beyond. Celano, once an important fortress-town, and the head of the Marsica during the troublous times of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, is now remarkable only for the extreme picturesqueness of its situation: it stands below a wondrous bare precipice on a hill overlooking the whole of the lake of Fucino, though at a consider-

able distance from its edge; the space between the town and the water being filled with meadows and vineyards, and watered by the clearest streams. The history of Celano possesses a great deal of interest; and the life of one of its countesses, *Concella*, would alone furnish romance enough for a volume. Its situation is said to be near that of Cliternum, but on what authority I know not. A Count Tomaso of Celano appears to have been a turbulent subject of the Emperor Frederic II., who, in 1223, took and destroyed the town, exiling its inhabitants to Calabria, Sicily, and Malta; whence they returned, and rebuilt their dwellings in the following reign. There is a poetical tradition of a palace in the old town, containing a marble staircase famous for curing anybody who was in love, by the simple remedy of walking up to the top of it; an easier method of purchasing peace of mind than the leap from the Lesbian promontory!

At Scanno it is remarked:

“The costume of the women is extremely peculiar, and suggests an Oriental origin, particularly when (as is not unusually the case with the older females) a white handkerchief is bound round the lower part of the face, concealing all but the eyes and nose. In former days, the material of the Scannese dress was scarlet cloth richly ornamented with green velvet, gold lace, &c., the shoes of worked blue satin, and the shoulder-straps of massive silver, a luxury of vestments now only possessed by a very few. At present, both the skirt and bodice are of black or dark-blue cloth, the former being extremely full, and the waist very short; the apron is of scarlet or crimson stuff. The head-dress is very striking: a white handkerchief is surmounted by a falling cap of dark cloth, among the poorer orders, but of worked purple satin with the rich; and this again is bound round, turban-wise, by a white or primrose-coloured fillet, striped with various colours; though, excepting on festa days, the poor do not wear this additional band. The hair is platted very beautifully with riband; and the ear-rings, buttons, necklaces, and chains are of silver, and in rich families often exceedingly costly. It is the prettiest thing in the world to see the children, who have beautiful faces, and are all turbaned, even as little babies. As for the women, they are decidedly the most beautiful race I saw in the Abruzzi:—their fresh and clear complexion, fine hair, good features, and sweet expression, are delightful; and owing to their occupation being almost entirely that of spinning wool, their faces have a delicacy which their countrywomen who work in the fields cannot lay claim to. Everything about Scanno is odd and quaint, and unlike any other Italian town; and the sight of every house, with its fair inmates spinning at the old-fashioned wheels before the doors, was very pleasant, as I passed up the well-paved streets to the house of the family, to whom the Giudice of Antrodoco had given me a letter of introduction. The inhabitants seemed particularly calm and silent, indulging little in that animated speech or action so characteristic of the people of the south. The whole population of the Abruzzi provinces have, indeed, much more repose of manner than is usual with their countrymen, and are a great contrast to their noisy brethren near Naples. Of the men of Scanno, who dress in dark blue cloth with brown woollen gaiters, very few are seen in the town, as they are principally on the neighbouring mountains in summer, and during winter in Apulia, with the flocks, in which the wealth of Scanno consists. Wool forms the great article of trade between Scanno and the neighbouring towns, and long files of mules laden with it are constantly passing through the narrow defile towards Salmoia, one of the few outlets from this secluded valley. My new host is said to be very wealthy, and though his palace is very large now, yet he is doubling its extent. He was not at first within, but I found his mother (a well-bred and handsome old gentilewoman, wearing the Scannese costume), overlooking the preparations for supper (it was already *Ave Maria*), in a

spacious kitchen, or rather hall, whose nice order and complete appointments of crockery, and bright copper and tin utensils, would have done no discredit to the best farmhouse in Old England. Every part of the house seemed equally well cared for. Our party at supper consisted of the master of the house, his sister, and their uncle. When I asked if their mother was coming, *“Occupada!”* was the answer. “As for the sister, she never said a word; no, not one; and I should have thought she was dumb if she had not uttered after a very slight meal, and first saying *“Prosit!”* with a loud voice went out of the room. The uncle kept talking about the everlasting Thames Tunnel till I was bored to extinction.

“After many clay ravines, and sluggish streams to ford, and a great ascent from one of these hollows, we reached Tollo, a very clean-looking town, but containing no *locanda*, or hope of refreshment, although the country round was fertile in figs and vines, which hung in the most tantalising manner over the well-kept hedges. At noon we arrived at Miglianico, where a wretched little *osteria* was our halting-place; and dry figs, bread, and *vino cotto* all we could obtain as luncheon. This seems curious in so rich a district as that through which we were passing, but it is the habit of the few persons who travel in this country to carry their own food with them. Chieti seemed as distant of access as our August 1st, and I resolved during the ascent not to enter it, but skirting its walls, descended into the valley of the Pescara, which I reached late in the afternoon, and after long waiting (for the ferry was occupied by a succession of large market parties), crossed the river into the province of Abruzzo Ulteriore Primo, and took the route to the left. Four or five miles brought us to Cepagatta, an inconsiderable town; and two more to a quiet little vale of oaks, above which the church-tower of Abadessa peeped humbly forth. While ascending to the town I was struck by the appearance of what I thought a group of Turks, but who were really women of Abadessa in their costume, which they have preserved, though the Albanese men dress like ourselves, in dark cloth, &c., and only retain the long mustache as a national characteristic. The costume of the women of Abadessa is a white skirt, with a light-blue striped apron before, and an apron-like addition behind of woollen material, worked in a checkered pattern, usually of purple and red, or black and red. The vest is white, with an embroidered sleeve and front. A red handkerchief is worn on the head.”

Many Greek migrations introduced these varieties of costume into the kingdom of Naples; but we must now bring our observations and extracts to a close.

“September 30th (says our author, towards his conclusion), the clouds still hung heavily on the mountains, but I decided on starting for Isola, a little town at the foot of the Gran Sasso, the monarch of the Abruzzi, with which I longed to have a closer acquaintance. I left Città di Penne early. The whole of my day's journey was close to the high mountain range dividing the provinces of the Abruzzi 1<sup>o</sup> and 2<sup>o</sup> Ulteriori, and did not present any particular point of interest; nor, excepting Bacucco and Colle d'Oro, were there any towns or villages in our day's route, which lay among low-wooded hills, overlooked by the dark-topped mountains beyond, or crossing the bed of streams which in winter must be formidable torrents. Towards evening, by paths winding through beautifully wooded landscapes, we reached Isola, which stands on a peninsula formed by two rivers that nearly surround it. It is an exceedingly pretty place, and immediately above it rises the single pyramid of Monte Corno, the Gran Sasso, a most noble background. Don Leonardo Madonna, to whom I had a letter, was extremely shy and uneasy, and seemed to think I might be a Bolognese rebel escaped over the frontier, until I relieved him by proposing to go at once over the Gran Sasso to Aquila, rather than await the risk of an-

other fall of snow, which would block up the pass, and oblige me to return to the coast. This pass, immediately over the shoulder of the mountain, is closed, except during the hot summer months, when it is used by the people of Teramo as the most direct road to transport the produce of their province (wine and oil) to Aquila. Don Leonardo, having illness in his own house, found me a lodging in a very unhappy-looking building, within whose forlorn walls I was nevertheless, after drawing the town, most glad to take shelter by a good wood-fire, for the evening was bitterly cold. An old woman, Donna Lionora (who, like many I had observed in the course of the day, was a *guitreuse*), cooked me some beans and a roast fowl; but the habitation was so dirty and wretched that one had need have had a long journey to provoke any appetite. While I was sitting near the chimney (it had the additional charm of being a very smoky one), I was startled by the entrance of several large pigs, who passed very much at their ease through the kitchen, if so it were called, and walked into the apartment beyond, destined for my sleeping room. *"Napete, che ci sono entrati i porchi,"* said I to the amiable Lionora. *"Ci sono a dormire,"* quoth she, nowise moved by the intelligence. They shan't sleep there while I'm in the house, thought I, so I routed them out with small ceremony, and thereby gave great cause for amazement to the whole of the family. *"E matto,"* suggested some of the villagers *sotto voce*. *"Lo sono tutti, tutti,"* responded an old man, with an air of wisdom. *"tutti gli Anglesi sono matti,"* an assertion he clearly proved on the ground that the only Englishman who had ever been known to visit Isola (for several years previously) had committed four frightful extravagances, any one of which was sufficient to deprive him of all claim to rationality, viz. he frequently drank water instead of wine; he more than once paid more money for an article than it was worth; he persisted in walking even when he had hired a horse; and he always washed himself *à l'acqua due volte la giornata*; the relation of which climax of absurdity was received with looks of incredulity or pity by his audience.

October 1st, 1843. The Gran Sasso was perfectly clear, but his furrowed sides were covered with brilliant snow. No mules were to be had; for they had all gone to Aquila to carry wine; but Don Leonardo, Madonna, informed me that there should be one at my service, by evening, and that if I set off after midnight I could accomplish the journey to Aquila in about thirteen or fourteen hours of diligent walking. I resolved, therefore, as there was little to interest me in the town of Isola, to pass my day quietly in the mountain. What a scene of grandeur is that around Isola! The dark forest-clad slopes of the surrounding mountains contrasting with the brilliancy of their snowy tops, and these again backed by the cloudless blue of an Italian sky! The murmur of the two neighbouring rivers rolling over their stony beds in the deep valley beneath, or, from time to time, the remote and trembling notes of the *sampognari*,\* are faintly heard. The sun sinks below the Gran Sasso, and only the silver lines of snow shine out from the deepening blue. The night-grasshopper begins her one low note; it is time to end my hill-ramble, and descend to Isola. Before I return to my charming home, I am careful enough to buy a large hen for fifteen *grane*, which, with a bottle of wine twenty-nine years old, the gift of Donna Leonardo, Madonna, is to support me through the morrow; and Nicodemo, my destined guide, is also well cautioned to be in readiness at an early hour.

Aquila is remarkable for its old houses and variety of Gothic windows, but we cannot accompany our pleasant and intelligent tourist, and must say *Addio*, whilst we cordially recommend his most gratifying labours of pen and pencil to the public.

\* *Sampognari*, or pifferari, are the shepherds or bagpipe players.

and especially to all lovers of the fine arts. We have given a few specimens of the wood-engravings, though we cannot, of course, by our mode of printing, do them justice.

ROYAL ACADEMY.  
The Octagon Room, or condemned cell, stands better in the Catalogue than in the Exhibition; for there are poetical and other quotations from Burns, Milton, Pope, Hemans, Campbell, T. H. Bayly, Molière, St. Luke, Oldmixon, the Book of Kings, E. V. Rippiegille (a *ms.* poem by the artist), Southey, Cervantes, the Psalms, Life of Brawer, Bloomfield, and the Swift and Secret Messenger of London, 1694. What pity it is that, with so much verse attached to them, it is as vain to attempt to see and examine the pictures, as it is to become acquainted with those of the highest ranges in the larger rooms. Except on the middle stations, all the critic can say of them from personal knowledge may be said in the words of the song:

"Above!  
Below!  
Good night! All's well."

Some of the Octagons appear to be worthy of better situations; but the fact is, that the Gallery is quite inadequate to its purpose; and after the Forty Thieves are hung, there is little or no room for their competitors; and there is not one R.A. nor A.R.A. in this apartment!

The drawings and miniatures display a great deal of genius and talent in both classes, and would make of themselves an attractive exhibition. R. Thorburn, Sir W. C. Ross, and Sir W. J. Newton, are, as usual, numerous and greatly distinguished; and many are disposed by the sides of their brilliant performances, which are not unworthy of the company, though there are nearly 450 of them. A. E. Chalon, G. Jones, W. Egle, J. Lilley, Mrs. Carpenter, F. Rochard, Mrs. V. Bartholomew, D. W. Raimbach, A. Crowhill, Bone and Essex, enamelers, and R. J. Lane and R. Graves, engravers, may be laudably named among the most prominent contributors.

#### SCULPTURE.

Though in this department there are fewer prominent examples of ideal art this year than usual, and we must remember how much in advance of former exhibitions painters have placed themselves, we are apt to think that really less has been done than we find upon examination to be the case. This arises almost entirely out of an error in the arrangement; but this want of judgment in the disposal of the works not only evinces a scantiness, but in one or two points produces a ludicrous effect. Standing, for instance, with our back to the window, we see Lord Exmouth with his legs a trifle bowed, and Baily's Duke of Sussex a little inked, and both statues being placed upon the same counter without our being able to see one without the other, the defects alluded to appear exaggerated by contact, and amount almost to an absurdity, though not quite so great a one as the visitor may obtain by walking to the opposite side of the room, and taking a side view of Gibson's statue of Mrs. Murray, and Inhoff's Rebecca. The latter statue is only half as thick as she could be to live, and the former a rival to the (Hottentot) Venus. The first in rotation is—

No. 1391. "The Creation of the Dimple—an unfinished group in marble." J. R. Kirk.—A very fanciful idea: Cupid pressing his finger on the chin of Venus,—we say Venus from its being an exact copy of the lady which general consent has christened Medici.

No. 1392. "Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Murray—statue in marble." J. Gibson, R.A.—This is the statue to which we have alluded; the shoulders and arms are beautiful, but, as a whole, it is a sad failure, and much to be regretted; for Gibson has done so much, and so much that is really exquisite.

Mrs. Theodora, we understand, is designated for the next Associate R.A., and none can gainsay that his professional eminence well deserves the distinction.

that when we observe he cannot produce (or has not yet produced) a portrait statue, we feel he ought not, for his fame's sake, to undertake such things. Can we hope that the statue of our Queen, entrusted to him for the King of the French, will be what it ought to be? Chantrey knew he could not manage the nude figure, therefore never attempted it; and it was most wise in him, though he has gathered together and held commissions till his death.

No. 1393. "Eye—statue in marble." W. G. Marshall, A.—When the model of this statue was exhibited at Westminster Hall, it was the theme of our praise; but it appears to us now, as it did then, to want elevation of character for the mother of mankind; nevertheless it is a most charming figure, and one which worthily obtained for its author his election by the Royal Commission. He has also two other statues, 1410 and 1420, the first "Sabrina," from *Comus*, a nymph sitting upon a rock, surrounded by water-plants, and listening

"For dear honour's sake,  
Goddess of the silvery lake."

We could wish, however, that the hands had been better studied, for their vulgarity detracts much from the general beauty and grace of the design. The other, "Hero," is holding a torch above her head to guide Leander to the strand of Sestos. This is an oft-told tale, but never was it more intelligible in sculpture than in this easy flowing and anxious statuette.

No. 1394. "Marble statue of Rebecca at the Well." Inhoff.—To this we have referred as being very much out of proportion, and no quantity of drapery will ever to the practical eye conceal such defects. The drapery as a whole is most beautifully arranged, and some portions of it exquisite in execution.

No. 1395. "L'Amour." Geefs.—This is a beautiful study of a child, sleeping upon its wings—very like nature, and charmingly executed. We have before noticed the elaborate workmanship of this Belgian artist, and lately saw a bust by him, in Her Majesty's possession, of the Belgian Queen, which is perfectly wonderful in its respect.

No. 1396. "Marble statue of Melancholy." G. Obici.—On being asked which work in the room laid the greatest claim to originality and feeling, after a careful examination, to this we gave the preference; for there appeared by the attitude of the head, the half-closed eyes and hands, together with the listlessness of limbs, to be a self-abandonment to one absorbing thought, which pervades the whole. The drapery too, in its straight and solemn lines, adds much to the effect, and is yet so true to nature that the eye without an effort can unfold it. We could have wished for better finish in detail; and the execution of the hair is much too formal—a blemish in all Italian works of the kind.

No. 1399. "Marble statue of Lady Georgiana Bridgeman, part of a monument to be erected to her memory, and to the memory of the Countess of Bradford, her mother." P. Hollins.—In this recumbent figure there is much quiet simplicity and grace; it is also a fine example of proportion, and a careful and well-studied adaptation of drapery.

No. 1400, by the same hand, is a marble statue of Dr. Warneford, who has given 40,000*l.* to the Warneford Lunatic Asylum, Oxford, in aid of the insane poor of respectable life, who have no claim under the law for parochial relief. We do not think very highly of this statue. The professor's gown in which it is clothed seems frittered away into littleness. We know artists are sometimes fettered, and we presume that to be the case here; for had the author of No. 1399 been left to himself, he certainly could have done something better. Mr. Hollins has also a clever bust, No. 1486, of G. Barker, Esq. of the General Hospital, Birmingham. A very curious and costly effect is produced in the drapery, apparently by passing a narrow chisel carefully over the surface; and though we had examples of this in the antique, yet it is very rare.

No. 1401. "The Nine Cupids." G. Metelli.



A curious group of the said nine sporting about in an elaborately wrought basket of roses—a strange conceit—some laughing, others crying, wide awake some, others fast asleep, while Mischief tickles them with straws; and, as a whole, the group is the result of long and patient labour in whar sculptors call relief-carving.

No. 1402. "Model of the Statue of his late R. H. the Duke of Sussex, executed in marble, by order of the Grand Lodge, &c. of Freemasons, and erected in Freemasons' Hall." From the time we were the first to announce that Bailly was entrusted with the commission for this statue, up to the present hour, we have made frequent reference to this statue, and have only now to add, that the in-kneed effect is entirely overcome in the marble.

No. 1404. "Marble Statue of the late David Hare, Esq." E. H. Bailly, R.A.—But little, unfortunately, is known in England of this extraordinary man. He was—if memory play not truant with us—a watch or spectacle-maker, perhaps both; but certain it is, about forty years ago, he sought fortune in Calcutta, and obtained it. During the early part of his career he studied the languages, in order to give religious and scientific instruction to the natives; and, on retirement from the busy world, with a truly philanthropic and Christian spirit, conceived the plan of building and endowing a college at Calcutta for such purposes. This, in conjunction with the late celebrated Rammohun Roy, he accomplished; and in that college this statue is to be erected. We may further add, that he so munificently carried out this the sole desire of a well-spent life, that his vast gains were so absorbed, that on its completion he became a penniless man; but, that he might not be dependent upon private bounty at the close of life, he accepted the professorship of languages, for which he was so well qualified, and which he had himself endowed; and in that capacity closed a life of profitable good. The statue itself is in every way worthy of him. Bailly never produced a better. The design, though heavy, is easy—the modelling as broad and free as the execution is careful, vigorous, and decisive.

#### THE WALTHAMSE COLLECTION.

The sale on Friday and Saturday demands a farther notice from us.

The Rubens, "Holy Family," from the Imperial Gallery of Vienna, No. 112, Smith's Catalogue, considered to be the finest example of colour from the hand of this master, was bought by the Marquess of Hertford for 2478*l*.

The W. Van de Velde, from the Earl of Lichfield's collection, was sold for 1764*l*, being about 500*l* increase in value since it was last competed for. As we said, it ought to have gone to the National Gallery; but it has not.

The P. de Konings, with figures by Hingelbach, called "A Bird's-eye View," perhaps the very finest of its kind, was bought by Emerson for 1050*l*.

The Murillo, "Adoration of the Shepherds," from the Boursault collection, a very large work, and a fine picture, brought 3018*l*. 15*s*; bought by Theobald.

The K. du Jardin, date 1638, a simple little picture of two mules at the farrier's forge, with a glimpse of landscape, and a few figures, a very charming specimen, of rare quality—sold for 1117*l*. 10*s* to Theobald.

The Teniers, 105 Smith's Catalogue, called "La Grande Kermesse," a first-rate example, fetched 1260*l*; bought by Nieuwenhuys.

The Baldassarre Peruzzi, a very interesting picture as the specimen of early painting, remarkable for colour and drawing; a rather large picture, representing the Adoration of the Magi—sold for 555*l*. 10*s*.

The P. Potter, 40 Smith's Catalogue, "Three Cows in a Meadow," a beautiful piece of nature-painting, and in fine order, sold for 732*l*. 10*s* to Lawson.

The Claudes, two very charming pictures, one

a composition, and architectural, the other landscape only, brought 2750*l*.

The J. Ostade, 49 Smith's,—"The Village Inn," from Lucien Buonaparte's collection—brought 1060*l*. 10*s*; bought by Nieuwenhuys.

The Grouze, "Psyche," of which we spoke as a beautiful little picture, brought the large sum of 1650*l*; sold to Theobald.

The N. Maes, 91 Smith's,—"A Woman peeling Turnips"—of remarkably fine quality; sold to Farrer for 745*l*. 10*s*.

The Metzger, 60 Smith's,—"A charming little picture—a woman cleaning fish, with a little kitten perched on a brass kettle, watching her,"—wonderfully painted—sold for 504*l*.

The Rembrandt Portrait, a fine example, sold for 798*l* to Farrer.

The Cuyp, 133 Smith's, sold for 1207*l*. 10*s*. It is not of superior quality, though a nice picture.

The A. Van de Velde, 50 Smith's—from the Berri collection—a rather large work for this master; a fine picture, though injured by cleaning too much—sold for 493*l*. 10*s* to Nieuwenhuys.

The Wynants and Hingelbach, called, "La Broderie," sold for 420*l* to Nieuwenhuys.

The other pictures were all good, but not remarkably fine of their respective masters. The sale realised nearly 46,000*l*, averaging 200*l* for every picture, good or bad.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

##### FRANCE.

Paris, June 9, 1846.

DEAR SIR,—The fortnight just elapsed has not been marked by any event of much importance; or else, if food worthy of it has been supplied to our curiosity, we must take it that the unusual heat of the temperature has incapacitated us from taking an interest in any thing. You would have found grounds for this belief had you been present in vain did the melodrama shed its bitterest tears; in at the first representations which have been given of late. In vain did tragedy vociferate with mightiest clamour and unheath its most fearful daggers; in vain did the vaudeville sharpen its brightest wit and look as lively as could be;—to all these efforts the perspiring public responded but with lassitude; a languor, a fastidiousness really disheartening. For a glass of iced water he would evidently have forfeited all claims to dramatic emotion, even as Esau formerly exchanged with Jacob his birthright for a mess of pottage. A tragedy in five acts, played last week at the Théâtre Français, suffered from the effects of this disposition. 'Tis the old story of that Vestal who allowed the sacred fire to go out whilst her lover entertained her with quite another flame, and who, for the violation of her vows, found herself buried alive in the Nefarious Field, with a jug of water and a slice of bread for all provender. M. de Jouy, about thirty years ago, versified the affair, and Spontini composed some music to the verses; from this resulted a grand opera, which Desaugiers, the songster of that period, parodied in the gayest strains. People still remember not the opera, but the sarcastic and slightly equivocal verses which reproduce the principal situations in it.

Or voici qu'on bel homme,  
Qu'elle avait pour amant,  
S'en vient d'Paris à Rome,  
Avec son régiment.  
Il apprend qu'il cher père  
A cloître son objet.  
Il pleure il s' désespère  
... Mais c'est comm' s'il chantait, etc.

This quizzical recollection rendered it the more difficult to treat seriously the melancholy story of the poor Fausta in love with a young Carthaginian prisoner (Asdrubal), whose life she has saved in virtue of her prerogative of mercy, and for whom she forgets the vows which attach her to the altar of Vesta. Two young poets, MM. Sauvage and Duhamme, have nevertheless attempted this hazardous undertaking, and notwithstanding their manifest efforts to unite in their production the

forms of ancient tragedy with those of modern drama;—what do I say? In consequence of these same efforts, their poor piece fell most miserably on the heads of corpses that have for some time past obstructed the portals of the Théâtre Français.

The ill-luck of this theatre is so manifest, its poverty is betrayed by so many reverses, and complaints, that it has been found necessary to remedy the evils, and the reading committee, on whom depends the admission or rejection of the plays, offered, has just undergone some modifications, in consequence of an hint given by the Minister of the Interior. Verily this committee was a monstrous piece of absurdity, composed as it was of the actors and actresses of the theatre, deliberating and voting by majority of suffrages. Only imagine how these poor poets were judged by Messieurs and Mesdames the Sociétaires, the former more or less literary, the latter more or less pretty; but almost all—except Sainson, who has proved his capacity on the stage—almost all perfectly incapable of distinguishing in a drama anything beyond the worth of the particular part destined to each. However matters may have been hitherto managed, they will now improve. The old committee, regenerated against its will, will no longer be constituted as it has been for the last thirty-five years. Six Sociétaires will still have seats in it, but to their aid are to be called two deputies—M. Vatout and M. Viller—already named; two members of the Academy—MM. Alfred de Vigny and Scribe; and lastly two *feuilletonistes*—M. Merle of the *Quotidien*, and M. Rolle of the *Constitutionnel*. If these names be correctly predicted, there will be a disturbance amongst critics of the press; and M. Jules Janin, above all, will bawl out awfully.

The only dramatic novelty of some worth, amongst those presented of late, is a *comédie vaudeville* in three acts, of MM. Bayard and Sauvage (a different "Sauvage" from the author of the "Vestale"). It is entitled "The Glove and the Fan." The Fan is a young novice of the abbey of Remeremont, who intends giving herself a husband *per fas aut nefas*. The Glove, whom she honours with this intention, is the young secretary of a handsome German princess, who has fallen in love with him, and intends marrying him. Very luckily for the Fan, the Glove is not in the least aware of the brilliant prospects his ambition might grasp. At least, he is not aware of them till he has so far advanced that he can no longer draw out, in an honest Glove. He then endeavours to transfer to a prince, a friend of his, the good-will which he cannot turn to his own advantage. However, you must pity this Serene Highness, young, handsome, and loving, and yet who does not find more gratitude in her secretary. She ends by listening to reason, and after a little of jealousy, very pardonable, she marries the Glove to the Fan.

The pleasing part of the piece consists in the ingenious manner in which this Glove and this Fan manage to communicate to each other, in presence of all the court, their most secret thoughts; all that is said by the wily novice, when she moves her fan, is addressed to the secretary, whose ears are on the alert; and who quickly apprehends the meaning; all that the secretary answers in playing with his glove is destined to his innamorata, who, in appearance totally unconcerned, does not lose a word of it. This gives rise to some good dramatic combinations. Madame Albert, whom you have had in London, plays with much wit and charm the part of this unfortunate German princess, so embarrassed with her heart, and so well betrayed by all who surround her. To her may be traced much of the success of the piece, although some interesting situations are found in it as well as some witty passages.

At the Opera, the "Roi David" has made his appearance; so long expected, and which has not been in the least brilliant. The poem, by MM. Soumet and Mallefille, with the exception of the

first act, offers but few situations favourable to the musician. M. Mermet, a young composer, who produced this opera as his first attempt, has not been enabled to obviate this radical defect. However, we cannot shew him much severity. This is his first work, and he has not yet finished his elementary studies; he has not attended to the first laws that govern the conception of a musical production, to a wise economy in concerted pieces, to the absolute logic of ideas. The result is a confusion, which damages all the good qualities of his work. In that chaotic mass the public appeared only at times to catch at a clear idea, a happy thought. The rest passed before him, and he dared not either applaud or hiss. He was evidently embarrassed, feeling neither much pleasure nor much pain in listening to these waves intrinseically with obscure melody. Professional musicians affirm, and I am inclined to take their word, that this opera is not wanting in orchestral science; if it be so, we have good grounds for believing that orchestral science (since that is the word) is not sufficient to compose a fine opera.

Amongst the publications of the last fortnight, I notice cursorily a few that will interest your erudite readers. First, a Relation of the Travels undertaken by Arabs and Persians in India and China during the Ninth Century; Arabian Text translated and annotated by M. Reinard, member of the Académie. They consist of the narratives of two travellers, the merchant Suleyman and the tourist Ibn-Vahab, collected by Abou-Zeyd. The inference is, that China 900 years ago was in the same state of civilisation in which your intrepid sailors found her when, for some time at least, they opened, by dint of cannonading, the doors of the Chinese, hitherto shut so fast. At the same period India was a little less lost in that ecstatic contemplation which has left her an easy prey to the Arabs, the Mongols, the Europeans. However, the reports of the two travellers are much less favourable to her than to China, whose more refined civilisation they appreciated.

The Meetings of Haidari have just been translated also from the Hindoostanee, by M. l'abbé Bertrand. They have been published in the same volume with the "Elegy of Miskin," translated by M. Garcin de Tassy. The "Meetings of Haidari" are a collection of historical and poetical narratives on the death of the principal martyrs of Islamism, destined to be read in the pulpit in the mourning banquets each evening of the first ten days of the month of Muharram. These mourning banquets are celebrated by the dissenting Mussulmans of the East who follow the worship of Ali. It is not unusual on this occasion to see the Sunitists, or orthodox Mussulmans, protest, with the help of sticks and poniards, against these solemn manifestations of heresy; and the duty of putting an end to these sanguinary controversies devolves upon the English police. The "Mareya of Miskin," translated by M. de Tassin, and added at the end of the "Meetings," is an historical poem to be compared with the finest legends of the middle ages.

The first secretary of the Belgian Legation at Washington, the Baron Van der Straten-Ponthos, has just published some curious researches on the "Situation of Emigrants to the United States of North America." It is shewn that in the space of fifty-five years—from 1790 to 1845—Europe has contributed 2,064,729 inhabitants to the New World. Most of them must be English; for in the number of emigrants from 1831 to 1844, out of 320,766 Europeans, 200,227 are English. It is then, evident that a book in which are treated all questions relative to the prospects of European emigrants must concern you more than any other nation, and for that reason I bring this one to your notice, full as it is of curious facts and valuable information.

[From our occasional Correspondent.]

Paris, June 9, 1846.

ONE of the fixed notions of these amusing French fellows is, that England is a nation of shopkeepers, and that, as such, she thinks ten times more of packages of cotton and bales of calico than of literature and art. The idea is, about as erroneous as are most of the fixed ideas of the French relative to England, and the English, about as false, for example, as the famous delusion of some of their newspapers, that the English aristocracy keep the English people in galling dependence and subjection. But it must be confessed, nevertheless, that, if we place the doings of the French and English governments side by side, it will appear that, whilst the former does much for literature and art, the other does little or nothing. Take, for example, the votes of money made on Saturday last by the Chamber of Deputies to the Minister of the Interior: "472,000 f. to the Establishment of Fine Arts; 500,000 f. to the decoration of public edifices; 600,000 f. to the preservation of public monuments; 211,000 f. to the encouragement of the fine arts; 18,000 f. for expenses of superintending literary works sent from foreign countries; 187,700 f. for the relief of dramatic authors, composers, and their families; 1,184,200 f. in subventions to the royal theatres; 200,000 f. for pensions to the Royal Academy of Music; 13,000 f. retiring fund of the Conservatoire de Musique." All that in one day, without counting what had been previously voted to the Minister of Public Instruction. How does England parallel such noble munificence? By a paltry grant of 1000*l.* or thereabouts, wrung from a grasping and reluctant legislature, to be devoted in pensions to literary men; and by the magnificent donation of a few useless cannons from Waterloo to the sculptor of a national statue to a national hero. That is all; that is the extent of the liberality of the English government and English parliament to literature and art. Is it not shameful? I assure you that I have got as much brass as most men, but even my cheeks tingle with shame when I reflect how worthily the French government supports letters and art, and how scandalously they are neglected by the government of my own country. But such neglect must not be ascribed to the English people; for there is no people in the world that more liberally encourage deserving men, as is proved by the extensive sale of their works, and the high excellence of every branch of our literature. It is the government only that must be held answerable for the disgraceful fact, that the national exchequer contributes little or nothing to the noblest of purposes—the encouragement of national literature and national art. It is to the government alone, I say; for if money were asked for, parliament could not for very shame refuse to grant it, and the people would approve the votes by acclamation.

The manner in which the French government distributes the money entrusted to it is not altogether what it ought to be; but that does not affect the principle that such money ought to be voted. It appears from complaints made by certain deputies that pensions, or what are called gratifications, are made to men who cannot have the slightest title thereto—that even authors, and composers, and actresses, who gain their hundreds and thousands per annum, or who hold well-paid places in the government offices, are not too proud to come upon the funds for the relief of distressed literary men and actors. It appears, too, that the money voted for the fine arts is made a powerful instrument in electioneering corruption, by buying at extravagant prices the pictures of those who can command votes. It appears, in short, that great numbers of the scribbling, and dabbling, and acting tribes of Paris are mean, despicable, cringing, and avaricious; and that the government has not got firmness enough or sense enough to refuse their scandalous demands. In fact, you would be perfectly astonished to hear the tales that are told of certain popular authors and performers in con-

nexion with their claims upon the money voted by the Chambers; but as you do not deal in personal scandal, I refrain from telling them. As for the Parisian possessors, I believe, the finest library and the finest collection of manuscripts in the world. The Bibliothèque du Roi, in which these literary treasures are contained, is liberally thrown open to every one, whether native or foreigner. No introduction is necessary, no permission required; the doors are open, and any one is free to walk in. It may seem ungracious for a foreigner, who has often availed himself of the privileges of this splendid library, to complain; but I cannot refrain from denouncing its management as most disgracefully incompetent and inefficient. There is no catalogue either of books or of manuscripts, and consequently no possibility at all of getting a book or a manuscript which you do not know the title. Even when you have the title of the book and the name of the author quite pat at the tongue's end, you are by no means certain to obtain the desired volume. "Gone to be bound," "lent out," "not to be found," being the excuses made, in five cases out of every ten, probably because they cost much less trouble at the attendants than to seek after the book. Nor, notwithstanding the multitude of employees of different ranks, do you find them show any disposition to assist you: *au contraire*, bare civility is all you can get from them; and sometimes even you have to put up with what is nearly akin to impudence. Then, again, the library is only open from ten o'clock to three—a period of time totally inadequate to meet the convenience of the great majority of its frequenters, who are professional literary men, and who, consequently, have to toil rather more than five hours per diem. Lastly, the number of times and the lengthy periods for which the library is shut up altogether is a serious abuse, causing pecuniary injury to a vast number of individuals. Altogether, this great national library of France is the worst managed of any in Europe; and yet I am certain that none in Europe has so large a staff of officials, or costs so much money. Indeed, the fact that, after a most lengthened existence, it has no catalogue of its contents, is alone sufficient to condemn it.

In a recent debate in the Chamber of Peers, a noble peer related this anecdote: The inhabitants of two small communes in his department determined on establishing libraries, in which they might seek instruction after the arduous duties of ploughing land and fattening pigs. The good people, like all French peasants, were extremely ignorant, scarcely knowing more than their *ABC*. They applied to the Minister of Public Instruction for assistance in forming their libraries, and the Minister, in the most gracious manner, sent to one commune a *Treatise on Latin Verification*, and to the other a copy of the *Hebrew Grammar*. Appropriate present, indeed, O Minister, for a set of unlettered clodhoppers.

On Translation.—(Continued from p. 502.)

THE most important element in the art of translation we have yet to mention. It is one which, we believe, is heeded by few, either because wholly unaware that there is such a demand to be urged against a translator, or may be, from undervaluing its importance. We are inclined to believe it arises from the former reason. It is, that the translation throughout be impressed with the same character as the original. Both, to use a musical expression, must be written "in the same key." The "sort" of words we choose have much influence in this respect, but that alone will not do all. It is difficult to define in what this important element consists; but it seems principally to lie in our choice of expressions, and in the fashioning of our sentences. And whether the work we are

A letter on the library of the British Museum will be inserted in our next.—Ed. L. G.



employed upon his prose or verse, we should pay equal attention to the key-note, as it were, remain unchanged; we should exert ourselves equally to preserve the proper "keeping" of the work of the historian, as well as the ode or ballad of the poet. It is the possession of this quality which tends more than any other to give a work completeness as a whole, in painting it is the same. The portrait of any well-known spot over which a certain air is spread, although the detail be not well made out, will please us better, and awaken recollection more readily, than a picture of higher pretensions without this atmosphere of resemblance. And unless such be present to the painter's mind, as it is to our own, he cannot, of course, be expected to give it on the canvas.

To there are, it is true, certain expressions whose beauty, and from the thoughts they awaken, we might almost say, creative power, we feel it quite impossible to render without loss in another language. And as we said above, it is such, or chiefly such, that are mainly instrumental in impressing a written work with peculiar character. In the "Erl-König" of Goethe we have such a poem. Good old tales have of old been told in the Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an! Er, der König hat mich ein Leids gethan! In this "ein Leids gethan" there is something undefined, and terrible, which "hurt" does not convey. The best version, though far from being satisfied with it, we are able to give would be—

Oh father, oh father, he grasps my arm!  
The King has done me a grievous harm!  
Indeed, the whole of this little ballad is exquisite. The abruptness of the beginning has always struck us as particularly fine. The metre varies most skillfully throughout, and we cannot but deem it a fault in Sir W. Scott's translation that he has neglected to follow these changes, and instead of doing so, made the whole uniform and regular.

The wonderfully fine sonnet of Keats, "On first looking into Chapman's Homer," presents us with another instance of an expression the force and beauty of which every one must appreciate, and which yet a translation would be at a loss to render satisfactorily. The words are—

Then I felt like some watcher of the skies,  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
The poet Freilgrath, who has most successfully translated several English poems into his own language, has also given his countrymen a German version of this sonnet. To render the passage, we have alluded to literally, would be out of the question; nor has he attempted it; his version is very fine indeed, perhaps as fine as Keats's; but with a difference, as will be seen by our quotation:—

Da war gleich wie dem Schauer mir der Sterne,  
Der einen neuen plötzlichen schein  
Schnell und hell empfiel dem Himmel steigend.  
After a considerable portion of this article was written, we had the good fortune to fall in with a volume by Professor Döderlein of Erlangen, entitled "Reisen und Aufsätze," and were most happy to find some of our observations confirmed by what he has here said about translation; more particularly our remarks on the "character" of a work rendered in another tongue have the authority of his name.

It has always been to us quite unintelligible how, in the least description of the astrological tower, Coleridge could have omitted to give the word "sonnell" in the second line.

Es ward mir wunderbar zu Muth, als ich  
Sah ein volles Tageslicht schnell hineintrifft  
for it is far from being indifferent whether it be left out or not, as it is most expressive of the irresolution of her mind previous to the determination to enter, which comes formed, however, in a "quick" executed, before any serious fear has time to make her hesitate. It is one of those expressions by which the workings of the mind are unfolded to our view, by which we see what is going on there, and discover the hidden springs of action of those moving on the scene before us. Such are essentially "dramatic." How great the difference between the

From the broad sunshine I stepped in,  
and the "I stepped in" of Schiller! That this should have escaped Coleridge's observation is the more remarkable, as, in his preface to "The Death of Wallenstein," he speaks of this very description as being particularly fine.

In the magnificent lines which follow—

Of like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,  
who does not feel all that is implied by the "stared" and the "wild surmise," containing, as they do, a better portraiture of the feelings of the Spaniard and his followers than we could give in one octavo page? That Freilgrath did so, we are quite sure: he is too genuine a poet not to appreciate even the slightest beauty; yet he has not been able to make his corresponding lines so meaningful, if the expression may be allowed us, as those of the original.

The difficulties opposing the satisfactory translation of some pieces we conceive to be insurmountable. Take, for example, the following lines of Giebel, which we are sure our readers will thank us for transcribing here:—

Wie doch so still dir am Herzen  
Ruhet das Kind,  
Weiss nicht, wie Mutterschmerzen  
So herbe sind!  
Auf Stirn und Lippen und Wangen  
Ist schon vergangen  
Das süsse Roth;  
Und dennoch heimlicherweisse  
Lachelt es leise—  
Leise  
Küsset der Tod!"

Now, without insisting on the necessity of adhering to the metre of the German poet, we will only advert to the difficulties which the last four lines present. That a beauty would be lost were the word of the last line but one not a repetition of that with which the preceding one ends, will of course be obvious to every body. It is, too, equally important that the last word of all should be "death," so that the difficulties we here have to combat are, a prescribed order of certain words, and the absolute necessity of choosing certain recurring rhymes; and we candidly avow we ventured to enter the lists, and have retired worsted from our attempt.

Again, in "Die letzten zehn von vierten Regiment," by Moser, the recurrence of certain words at certain parts of the verse is indispensable. Now it is not only difficult to find suitable rhymes in English to these certain words, but to the word repeated at the end of each verse in the German it would be impossible to assign the same place in English, on account of its being differently accented in the two languages.

Such examples are exceptions, we know; and it is merely as such we mention them. A single passage of like insuperable difficulty may present itself in a poem otherwise free from such, as is the case in Uhland's fine ballad of "The Bard's Curse." No one who has read it can fail to have been arrested by the peroration of the second verse:—

Dort saas ein stolzer König, an Land und Siegen reich;  
Er sass auf seinem Throne so fester und so bleich;  
Denn war er einst ist Schrecken, und was er blickt ist  
Wuth.  
Und was er spricht ist Grimm, und was er schreiet ist  
Blut.

Our version,—  
For what he thinks is horror, his look of rage a flood,  
The words he speaks are scourges, and what he writes  
Is blood.  
though perhaps as nearly approaching the original as it is possible to bring it, is still unsatisfactory, on account of the "and what he thinks," and what he looks," and what he speaks," and what he writes, not being repeated each time without any variation, and from a circumlocution at the end of the third line taking the place of a single substantive.

We cannot here refrain from calling attention to the various translations by Freilgrath from the English poets. The Ancient Mariner of Coleridge, and some of Burns's songs, deserving especial praise. In the former we see, every quaint expression has been attended to, every peculiarity of metre observed; the repetition of certain rhymes has been given with exactness; the peculiar con-

Literally, "and what he looks is fury."

struction of particular stanzas faithfully adhered to. As it is impossible to transcribe the poem here, we can but recommend its perusal to those who wish to know what careful metrical translation is. Thus it is when a true poet undertakes such task; when a Byron, a Coleridge, or a Shelley impose upon themselves the arduous labour. For though we have cited passages from Coleridge which might be better rendered than he has done, we are far, very far, from even thinking of detracting from his merit. His translation, as a whole, is most masterly; the mistakes we have referred to were nothing in comparison to the greatness and difficulty of the task; we have adduced them merely in order to exemplify our opinion, not for the sake of finding out imperfections, and had our observations, even more weight than they have, these remarks tend in no wise to diminish the excellence of the work.

That we do not undertake the difficulties of metrical translation will be sufficiently clear from all we have said on the subject; and this, being the case, we know how to appropriate laborious care when applied to this end, and are moreover inclined to be lenient when we find again that is unsatisfactory. It would hardly be fair, when speaking of translation, to say "Where there's a will there's a way;" here many an exception would be found, however general of application the rule may be besides. We like, however, in every undertaking even though it prove unsuccessful, to see some symptom of a good will; an effort, at least, to do what we undertake as we know it ought to be done. Then, though we fall short of our aim, we may claim, and are sure to find, some sympathy. Now, we must say—for finish this paper we cannot without noticing it—that such productions as "The Sharing of the Earth," in "The Poems and Ballads of Schiller," we deem most unexcusable. We will let any one judge if these jaunty verses bear any resemblance to the dignified original. To say it were so, were as absurd as to maintain there was a resemblance between "Cherry ripe," and "Rule Britannia," or our impressive national anthem. There is, as we said before, some excuse for a man who tries to do his best and fails; but when we see any metamorphosing what he professes to imitate, and then giving it us as a fac-simile, we are as indignant at being thus imposed on as at seeing what we have so often admired turned loose in a dress of motley. Here comes the dawning misquotation:—

"Take the world, cried the God from his heaven,  
To men—I proclaim you its heirs, and I add  
To divide it amongst you 'tis given—  
You have only to settle the shares."  
And even still worse than this, the last verse of the poem, which in the original is so truly touching:—

Alas, said the God, earth is given  
Field, forest, and market, and all  
What say you to quarters in heaven?  
We'll admit you whenever you call!

Not much of the dignity of the God here, we think! To make this specimen complete, the customary "Tol, de, rol, tol, de, rol, tol, de, da," is alone wanting at the end of every verse. This is perhaps the most flagrant instance of disregard to the metre, tone, and feeling of the original, though the translator in general seems to pay little attention to the measure in which the verse of him he copies, or professes to copy, is written. But that we suppose, is quite a matter of fancy. In "The Artists" we have a strangely pronounced interpretation of a passage, the real meaning of which is clear enough to all.

In diligent toil the master is the bee and spider  
In craft mechanical the worm that creeps  
Through earth its dexterous way; may totter thee  
In knowledge (couldst thou fashion all its deeps)  
All to the seraphs are already known: 'tis as thou  
But thine, O man, is art—thine wholly and alone!

"The worm that might be our teacher" is, of

"We almost suspect Mr. Hudson had a hand in this line."

course, the silk worm; not he whose craft mechanical is displayed in crawling through mould, of which we believe no man is very emulous.

The first specimen we have given not only shows the absence of every quality to be found in the original, but it also betrays the total want of sympathy of the translator with the German poets; for had such sympathy existed in the smallest proportion, it must have hindered any one from giving a version like that transcribed above. If this is to be accounted translation, it is, I faith, an art that will never obtain much honour.

We wish our pen had power, and our opinions the weight of recognised authority, that what we here write on the subject might influence the more. But weak as our voice may be, we shall still raise it against such arbitrary proceeding as shewn in *The Poems and Ballads of Schiller*; and we do hope that among our remarks may be found some hint not quite useless to the lovers of German literature.

In a metrical version of the *Bride of Messina*, which happened to fall in our way lately, we find in many places a total disregard of the metre of the original poem. How beautifully expressive, for example, is the march, if we may use the expression, of the choruses after the death of Don Manuel! Is it not quite evident in the following, that Schiller chose the admirably adapted rhythms advisedly? and as we read aloud the lightly bounding verse, does it not complete the picture that the words present to our mind, and shew us a band of youths festally adorned for the spousal, coming onwards with elastic step, attended by song and rejoicing?

—Wir kommen, wir kommen!

Mit festlichem Fräugen

Die Brautzeit empfangen

Es bringen die Knaben

Die reichen Gewande, die Brautkleider geben,

Das Fest ist bereitet, es warten die Zeugen!

Aber der Bräutigam höret nicht mehr,

Nimmer erweckt ihn der frühe Reigen,

Denn der Söhlmann der Todten ist schwer!

In the translation to which we allude it is thus given:

—We come, we come, in festal pride,

To greet the beautiful bride;

Behold! the nuptial gifts, the rich attire;

The banquet waits, the guests are there;

They hail thee to the solemn rite;

Of hymen quick reply, and to the dance invite!

Thou hearest them not—the sportive lyre,

The frolic dance, shall ne'er invite;

Nor wake thee from thy lowly bed,

For deep the slumber of the dead!

That the metre of the German is difficult to render we willingly acknowledge; but it is not impossible, even if tolerably literal, as may be seen by the following translation, which we think somewhat resembles the verse as we find it in Schiller:

—We're coming, we're coming,  
With brightest flowers laden,  
To welcome the maiden;  
Nor are the youths idle,  
They bring the rich robes and the gifts for the bridal:  
The feast is prepared, the witnesses waiting;  
But the young bridegroom he hears not their tread,  
Never will wake him the songs so clating,  
For the slumber is deep of the dead.

#### ORIGINAL,

#### AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

#### Dramatic Chapters.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

SCENE.—Wooded avenue leading to Kelford Castle—the Moon shining dimly—Falkner, disguised as an old man, watching.

Falkner. There is a brooding horror in the hour,  
As if the heavy air held breath, alarmed!  
A sluggish stifling atmosphere; I choke  
Nesth its oppression! Time hath no gauge;  
Who says that life is short? Time hath no gauge;  
A moment may compress eternity;  
We talk of life, its hopes and its results,

its span-like brevity,—but I have lived

Years in a few sad hours! It seems an age

Since dawned the day, and yet 'tis hardly night!

How like a powder-dust I hang about

I'll lurk no more; fate at once,

And beard the villain in his sensual den.

Were it not well to feign some message there?

Some note from Bertha whom he seeks to woo,

As Jarrus tells me, and gain audience thus?

Once in the room, he goes not forth alive!

Twere double vengeance this to feed his love

Then curse it is the bud! A note of hers,

But change the name, is right for him as me.

He'll scarce come forth to night,—then is—then in!

For every hour, as there is an avalanche,

O'erwhelms my being with some horrid fear

Of his escape, some wild anticipation

Of defeat, of failure, and disgrace!

Fate do its worst—I'll dare the worst to come!

Enter FALKNER towards the Castle.

SCENE.—An Apartment in Kelford Castle—a window from

floor to ceiling occupies the eastern side—curtains drawn—

the room brilliantly lighted and decorated—Kelford alone,

reading—he throws the book down wearily.

K. Vain the attempt to follow others' thoughts

And lose our own!

They're idle griefs that yield to idle books!

I wander o'er the oft-repeated page

Without avail; there is a page within

The mind turns o'er, that I would fain not read!

[Comes forward.]

So, Clorio's fled—some home-sick fantasy!

No letter, word, nor ought to lend a clue

Might shew the woman is wisdom's loss!

Well, there's a change in love's high government,

A revolution in his ministry.

I shall have maidens shunning me ere long,

Which would, indeed, smack of conspiracy.

So much for woman's constancy and truth!

Constancy! we men are angels to them!

Woman! say who may interpret woman?

The rose may emulate her cheek—her breath;

And, 'neath the dew of morn, the violet

Image the lustre and the loving hue

Of her young eyes; braided with stars, the night

Paint the proud darkness of her jewelled hair.

But woman's loveliness is wisdom's loss!

Who first brought sin into the world? why, woman!

And fed it upon vanity? still, woman!

Who prizes fortune higher than affection?

Fans, feathers, flirtings, concerts, routs, and balls,

Better than modesty and lowly means?

Who deems an epaulet and scarlet coat

Essential to perfection? who but woman,

Capricious, teasing, tantalising woman!

Her ringlets are but meshes set for man;

Her eyes bear witchcraft; mischief's on her lip;

Within the magic of her sphere dissolve

All resolutions; frost doth melt to dew;

The very rock shews fire; all things obey her,

All hearts confess her sovereignty and . . .

S. My lord, a messenger desires admittance

On business of much import.

K. Give him entrance.

Enter FALKNER, disguised, bearing a letter.

K. A letter? give it me! [Snatches the letter and opens it.]

'Tis Bertha's hand!—I know it is her hand!

I saw such lines but once, and still they live,

How treasured in my heart of memory!

Oh, favoured pen, blessed by my fingers' fair,

Oh, happy paper that received her touch,

Ye silent ministers of beauty's thoughts

Receive, like idols, your poor pilgrim's kiss!

[Presses the letter to his lips, and observes FALKNER watching him steadily.]

How, now? what need'st thou here?

Hence, varlet, to thy fellows;—wait my summons.

F. Be impatient with mine ignorance.

Methought my lord had pleased perchance to hear

The words my lady mistress bade me leave;

Preferring an old servant's faithfulness

To the uncertain tenure of a note.

K. Thy mistress seems less chary of her choice

Than suits occasion;—but her words? her words?

[I like not these grey-headed Mercuries.]

[Aside.]

How came her faith so riveted on thee?

That she should freight thee, like an argosy,

With the rich gold and jewel of her fame?

F. Why, to be plain, the story's worth your hearing.

So list, my lord;—a villain who . . .

Who in his helplessness our house had served,

Had courted the serpent with one hand, means,

With all its will, its interest, and its friendship,

This miscreant crept—Why did you start, my lord?

Crept, like a branded ruffian in the dark,

And robbed us of the only wealth we left—

An honest name.

I was away; the traitor knew his time!

But ill he knew our eyes; he heard, he means,

And called the earth to cover me and me!

Be still, my lord!

I talk of things your lordship knows not of!

Dark frowns long gone by—But you inquired

Why in my lady's confidence I stood

So firmly, and I'll tell you—I you list.

If not, 'tis no great mark—I'll wait without.

[Going.]

K. Stay; there's a bluff, odd boldness in thy tongue

Which suits thy speech beyond thy station

So, this same villain, man, you lost him, then

F. Ay, long 'twas thought he had escaped, although

Defeat but added strength to my resolve!

Like him (the fabled) who to earth being thrown

Bore at each new prostration doubly strong,

So kept decision from each overthrow.

All times I sought him, morning, noon, and night;

All places—from the music-breathing hall,

The revel, and the dance, the gilded rout,

Down to the vilest walls where knaves conceal:

At last!

K. [Suspiciously.] Well! at the last? Thy manner's

strangely altered.

What with thy lady hath this rant to do?

At last? quick, let me have it! what, at last?

F. [recovering his former quick manner.] I pray your no-

ble lordship to excuse me!

I am not well! please you to read the note,

Mayhap my mistress will assert my claim

To your attention;—let me wait without . . .

K. I'd have thee here! What, now? Stand more apart!

[Kelford, after regarding him inquiringly for

some time, pursues the note.]

F. [Irresolute, speaks aside.] What if I leave this wretch

To settle sinful debts against his soul

With a quick-aching God? Were it not well?

But then the note!

K. [half aloud.] Bless'd be my planet, it was Venus sure!

There lives a magic in my very wish,

The fruit I seek falls ever to my lip!

The beautiful seem born for my possession,

The graceful—'tis their nature—seek my side.

Oh, love triumphant, yoke the silver doves

To thy resplendent car! consenting love,

Draw round the stately curtains of the night,

Close shut thy cloudy gates, and to her place

Call silence to take prisoner each sound!

Chain fast the winds, that not a breath may live

Save love's—save only love's—consenting love's!

[Kelford absorbed in the reveries of the note.]

F. [speaks aside.] This is the mood I longed for! now to

live

With such a paradise of sensual sweets,

Such mortal mixture of lascivious joy,

Is twice to live, and death is double death!

Why stand I wavering and irresolute?

He is a very serpent in society,

A snake, whose lip is poison to the touched!

Whose friendship is seduction, whose bad heart

On ruin feeds; preys upon innocence!

Whose love's perdition!

Curse on this weakness!

[Falkner, turning to Kelford, who is still reading

and absorbed.]

F. Did my lord speak?

K. Again, thou insolent!

F. [bluffly.] Contains the note some surely for my faith!

Or shall I wait my weakness left unaided?

Straight finish; to commend me to your trust?

K. [heedlessly.] As thou wilt!

F. You heard, my lord, how I pursued this knave,

Through what dark courts I tracked this infamy;

Food rarely passed these thin and fevered lips,

I had no appetite but for revenge;

No thirst—but for the chalice of revenge!

It cast a shadow 'twixt me and my God,

Made day like night, clothed all the world in black!

It was the hand that struck each note of time,—

Revenge! revenge! deep, terrible revenge!

K. What mean'st thou, slave?

F. At length we met! thank God of heaven, we met!

K. Why, what art mad?

F. The villain, monster, I was telling thee!

(I shall be choked) this double ruffian, lord,

This black defamer of my father's house,

Despoiler of a sister's virtuous name!

We met!

Met, when the savage gloated o'er my ruin,

Deeds and fair, outwitting the old!

And in the midst, steep'd to the lips in guilt,

Performed, and guilt intended I, lord, we met!

K. [rising alarmed.] 'Tis Falkner!

F. [stepping between him and the door.] Oh, is it you?

lordship knows me, then?

Be blither'd thy foul tongue—and ever dumb,

That dared to utter, dared to breathe a name

Thou hast dishonoured, villain!

[Throws off his disguise, and draws his sword.]

Thy sword!

K. Hear me yet, Falkner—thy sister's name!

F. Sister!—Will heaven not strike thee dead before my night?

Coward, thy sword!

K. Word—a word, in mercy!

F. Ha, ha, ha! I merit! [Laughs convulsively.]

Thou prat'st of mercy whilst she stands beside thee,

Shrouded and pale, and on her cheek a stain,

A brand not even the grave hath bleach'd away!

Who fixed it there? Who staid'd her reputation?

Who shew the modest beauty of her soul?

Seest thou that dreadful finger print?

Another yet, a grey-haired father! Methought

Thou'ldst not move! Dead hands thou mayst not see!

Secure thee like a vice!

Not draw! Not draw!

[Kelford draws, and makes an agitated and unequal

defence—Falkner draws down each feeble guard,

striking at the same time—

Then to thy heart I strike the avenging steel



To the glad hill—the hill—with curses, lord!  
And to perdition sink thy sinful soul;  
For 'tis—hear it, thou damned!—it is a Falkner's arm  
Avenge thee, dear-loved sister's shame!  
(After vainly endeavouring to speak, KILFORD dies—a  
pause—FALKNER approaches the corpse.)  
So, dead! Then what am I, he being dead?  
Was't thou, pale clod, dishonour'd a loved name,  
Stamped infamy upon a trusting heart,  
And steep'd a virtuous house in misery?  
And we endure this from such things as thou?  
Insects a blow can give—  
(Slight sounds of distant footsteps.)  
Then I must hence; but how!  
Oh, sin has ever secret passages,  
A profligate's abode were tame without them!  
(Looks around, and sees a portrait of KILFORD against  
the wall.)  
Come down, vile mockery; grovel with dust,  
Like him whose blushing feature thou assum'st!  
(Dashes the portrait aside, which swings back, and dis-  
covers a thus concealed passage from the apartment.)  
Said I not so? An old contrivance this,  
Devised by sin and hoar hypocrisy!  
One villain ever is the type of many!  
From olden vice to modern peridy,  
A service entrance hath been something worth,  
Shamed of disgrace, though not ashamed of sin!  
By your leave, dead dignity. (Locks the door.)  
Now for escape . . .  
But not without thee, lord, I love thee so!  
So love, I cannot quit thee even in death!  
To that dear sister's grave thy arts destroyed,  
Thou, her destroyer, wilt I force to kneel,  
Ay, bend thy stiffening joints in supplication!  
Face to her grave thy caustic course I'll set,  
Then leave thee there, with her accusing dust,  
Until the fool fends claim thee!  
(Exit hastily with the body through the secret passage.)  
CHARLES SWAIN.

# THE DRAMA.

**Her Majesty's Theatre.**—A new ballet moulded on *Lalla Rookh*, and called by that name, was produced here on Thursday in a splendid style. Cerrito and Taglioni's dancing, and a *pas symbolique*, or *show-dance* by Hindoo girls, brought down shouts of applause, and finally a shower of bouquets, notwithstanding some obstinate *contretemps* of scenery and machinery. It is a grand spectacle, and most liberally mounted.

**Drury Lane.**—A hebdomadal critic has, among his disadvantages, some advantages over a diurnal writer. Between the acting of a fearful thing and the offering of his opinion thereupon to the public, the *casus belli* may have ceased and determined itself, and he is spared the trouble of pronouncing either a verdict of condemnation, which will help and justify the event, or of commendation, which the event shews to have been unmerited. So it is with the opera of *Stradella* at this house, which has utterly disappointed the hope of the management, and led to the theatre being irregularly closed several nights during the week. There is, nevertheless, some pleasing music in *Stradella*, and some of the airs are like enough to become popular.

**Haymarket.**—On Wednesday *The Black Domino*, adapted to suit the talents of the company at this theatre, and for the *début* of Mad. Thillon as the heroine, was produced here with *éclat*. An opera, even divested of half its music, is a novelty at the Haymarket, and another encroachment upon the already narrowed boundaries of the legitimate drama, which, but for Macready and the distant Wells, would be obliterated from sight and memory. Mad. Thillon went through all the varieties of her part with great sprightliness and effect, sang well, and looked charming. She was ably seconded by Miss P. Horton, Hudson, Brindall, and Blundell; and the piece may fairly be booked as one of the lessee's most successful experiments.

**Adelphi.**—A drama, resembling the ballet, and called *The Queen of the Abeyaz*, has been produced here; and, what with the admirable acting of Mad. Celeste, and beautiful scenery, obtained complete success. The music, by Mr. Mellon, is very pretty.

**Sadler's Wells.**—On Monday and Thursday Mr. Henry Russell gave his musical entertainments at this theatre, and, as usual, to full houses and with great applause. The *Song of a Shirt*, and his other well-known and popular songs, afford perfect satisfaction to his audiences; and his distinct articula-

tion and powerful expression are just the qualities to be appreciated, as they are, by thousands of hearers.

**Dramatic Readings.**—Mr. John Read, of whose readings in Shakespeare we some months ago spoke in favourable terms, after a successful sojourn in Paris, Bath, and other cities, has made his appearance in London. His recitation of the "Merchant of Venice" on Thursday week, and of "Hamlet," last Thursday, at the Western Literary Institution, was such as must secure the foundation of at least equal success in the metropolis, unless a certain degree of unsuitableness in the locality to attract an audience quite capable of relishing so intellectual an entertainment should mar his good fortune. For nice discernment of every shade of character, united with the power of assuming and retaining throughout the presentation, the different tones of voice and varieties of expression necessary to give dramatic effect to mere reading, we have hardly witnessed anything to surpass these performances. When we add, that Mr. Read does justice to the exquisite poetry and fine rhythm of Shakespeare, we hope we shall have satisfied the admirers of our Immortal Bard that they may increase their enjoyment of his matchless beauties, by studying them through the medium of this gentleman's recitations.

**Mr. Wilson's New Entertainment.**—On Monday, at the Music Hall, Mr. Wilson delighted a numerous auditory with a new selection of Scottish music and recitation from Allan Ramsay. The "Gentle Shepherd" is now hardly kept in view in the north, almost unknown in the south of our island, and this reproduction of its pastoral beauties and naive nationalities of song is well worthy of the judgment and talent of Mr. Wilson. None so well as he can do justice to either branch of the entertainment, and the applause which crowned his efforts shewed how good a choice he had made, and how effectively he carried it into execution. "Gie me a lass wi' a lump o' land" created an especial sensation; but the whole was loudly and cheerfully cheered. Allan Ramsay may henceforth, therefore, interchange a popular Nicht wi' Burns, and add another variety to the ever-pleasing attractions of our truly Scottish artist.

**Mrs. Shaw's Farewell Concert** took place on Saturday, in which she displayed the full force of those endowments which first made her so high a public favourite. Some disappointments in regard to other parties who were announced, and arrangements were compensated by her exertions; and it was impossible not to regret such power of pleasing being withdrawn from the stage and concert-room. The qualifications for tuition are first-rate; and so there will be a gain in private for the general loss.

# VARIETIES.

**New Magazine.**—An original design for a new Magazine has been started, the prospectus of which lies before us. Each No. is to consist entirely of prize essays, six in prose and three in verse: the subjects at the pleasure of the competitors. The prizes for the prose are 20*l.*, 15*l.*, 10*l.*, and three 5*l.*; for the verse 5*l.*, 3*l.*, and 2*l.* The founders, we understand, receive the essays in sealed envelopes, and submit them, without the authors being known, to the judgment of two competent literary gentlemen, by whose award the premiums are determined, and the *incognito* made known. We shall be curious to see this start of Messrs. Madden and Malcolm.

**Sea-Tiger.**—The following is a description of a singular animal lately killed at Guccian Bay, within the South Australian boundary, by Mr. Sterling's men, a drawing of which was made by Mr. W. F. E. Luard on his overland journey from Melbourne to Adelaide, and who gave it the name of the sea-tiger. The whole length of the animal is nearly 12 feet; but the cranium is about 1 foot long, without any orifice therein for nostrils or blowers; the

jaws, which are very powerful, contain in all thirty-two teeth; there are two cuspsides or canine teeth conically formed in the upper, and two in the lower jaw, about two inches long and very powerful; the back teeth are tri-cuspsides, each containing being in three divisions, the centre one being considerably the longest, and the conical one containing five or each side of the upper and lower jaw. In the upper jaw are four conically formed teeth, those two exterior being much longer than the two centre ones: this is also the case with the lower jaw, all the teeth in which are smaller than those in the upper. The animal is of the order *Fertilia*, and has thirteen strong ribs on each side, connected by the cartilage towards their lower connexion. The animal is covered with a thin short black fur on the back, and light brown on the belly and sides, with black tiger-like stripes; but the most extraordinary formation of this animal is, that the spine terminates in a spear-like shape, on each side of which it has a tail extending, from strong ventral bones, about 2 feet long and 2½ inches in diameter, terminated by broad falcated tails, at the edges of which there are on each side three small hooks, similar to those on the wings of a bat. There are only two strong pectoral flippers, and no dorsal or ventral fins. — *Portland Gazette* 31st August 1861.

**Alligator Oil.**—A letter from St. Augustine, quoted in the *Montreal Times*, relates that the alligator has been found to yield a considerable quantity of a fine transparent oil, which burns well, and has long been used by the Indians for various purposes. The writer anticipates that the animal will now be pursued, like the sperm whale, for trading objects.

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